

THE TOWNSHIP REGISTER

ALVARADO - CENTERVILLE - DECOTO - IRVINGTON - MISSION SAN JOSE - NEWARK - WARM SPRINGS - NILES

VOLUME 9.

NILES, WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP, ALAMEDA COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1916.

NO. 14

AUTO TURN'S TRUSTEES TO TURLE; MAN HOLD MEETING BADLY HURT IN HAYWARD

Accident Occured on Dublin Road; One Received Treatment In Niles.

As the result of an accident Sunday in which, pinned beneath an automobile, he was badly crushed, sustaining a fracture of the skull, Marcellus Lacey, a salesman, is near death in a hospital at Pleasanton. Several occupants of the automobile with him are recovering from minor injuries.

The accident occurred on the Dublin Boulevard near Pleasanton. In the machine with Lacey were Miss Betty McDermott and Miss Della Kennard, Oakland cafe entertainers; Jack Silva and the chauffeur, James Hanson. Hanson was attempting to avoid collision with another machine at a curve. His machine swerved sharply and upset. The two women were taken to the Alameda county infirmary for treatment by passersby. Silva has a broken collarbone, and Hanson and the two women are recovering from painful cuts and bruises.

One of the party came to Niles and was severely injured, dressed by Doctor Taylor.

Trinity Guild Card Party

Trinity Guild held the postponed card party last Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Clara Martenstein.

There was not a large attendance but all had an enjoyable time. About ten dollars was taken in.

Mrs. E. W. Myer won first prize. Mrs. Wm. Moore second prize and Mrs. J. Alberg the consolation. Coffee cake and ice cream were served, it is the intention to hold another later in the year.

To Wed Sunday

Miss Rose C. Faria of San Leandro and Manuel Lopes of Niles, will be married in St. Leander's Catholic church in San Leandro, tomorrow. They will live in Niles.

Notice To Patrons of Chautauqua

Those who intend to attend the Chautauqua and purchase single admission tickets, are asked to remember that the coming of Chautauqua to Washington Township was made possible by a number of men of the township who guaranteed that 400 SEASON tickets would be sold.

If the number of season tickets are not sold, the committee must pay for the number unsold.

A season ticket costs you \$2.50 and may be used by any member of the family.

Single admission tickets will not count on the guarantee made by the local committee so if you intend to attend any of the Chautauqua sessions, Buy a Season Ticket.

Community Development Is Sias' Hobby In Life

Man Who Originated Slogan of "Bury Your Hammers and Buy Horns" Coming to Chautauqua



ERNEST J. SIAS, community development man, originator of the slogan, "Bury your hammers and buy horns," is a primed "pep" promoter of progress. He knows that the range of an idea, like a bullet, depends on the power behind it. The "sights" are all raised on his artillery. He puts a "crimp" in the crank, loosens the skin of the hidebound and whips a town into bustling form.

GRAND JURY HIGH SCHOOL

PROBES ROW PLAY DRAWS AT INFIRMARY GOOD CROWD

Charges Made By Supervisor Foss Occupies Attention of Jury.

Further probe into the charges made by Supervisor Fred W. Foss regarding alleged conditions at the county infirmary was made Tuesday by the grand jury, which called a number of witnesses.

The whole method of treating contagious cases at the hospital was gone into by the grand jury in its inquiry into the recent death there of a little girl, the daughter of a Livermore rancher, who died of diphtheria.

It was charged by Supervisor Foss before the grand jury last week that the girl's death was more directly the result of negligence on the part of the infirmary management than from the disease. In an effort to ascertain to what extent those charges hold good, the grand jury summoned the different doctors who had charge of the case and others who are familiar with the handling of contagious diseases.

"I am glad that the grand jury is going to sift these charges to the bottom," said Dr. Wills, "because the truth is sure to come out and we do not object to that. It will be found that things have been highly exaggerated and that certain sources of information to complainants have not been reliable."

"So far as the case of the little girl is concerned, she was almost dead when brought to the hospital, her removal having been delayed too long. Everything possible was done to save her, but it was practically futile."

"Mid-Summer Night's Dream" Given on Lawn at the High School.

On Thursday night on the lawn at Washington Union High School, Centerville, the class of 1916 presented Shakespeare's "A Mid-Summer Night's Dream" to an audience of five hundred people, who came from all sections of the township to witness the spectacle.

The light rain which fell early in the day did not prevent carrying out the entire program as some thought it might. Each player carried through his part well, the fairies were elf-like, the music was effective and the setting charming.

Leonard Barnard as Bottom, was the "hit" of the evening; Miss Bessie Stiver as Puck, was very fleet, and Miss Dorothy Smith as Oberon, King of the Fairies, was really majestic. A large measure of praise is due all other members of the cast.

For the successful manner in which the play was presented credit is due R. O. Moyer and E. V. Weller, who staged it, to Miss Wills, who directed the costuming and to Miss Barnard, who had charge of the fairies; also to those who co-operated with them.

The cast of characters: Theseus, Joseph Norris; Egeus, Ben Mickle; Lysander, Leopold Falk; Demetrius, Erwin Lewis; Philostrate, Ben Mickle; Hippolyta, Zelmira Domenici; Hermia, Harriet Ellsworth; Helena, Anna Lowrie; Oberon, Dorothy Smith; Titania, Mildred Jung; Puck, Bessie Stivers; Quince, Henry Veit; Bottom, Leonard Barnard; Flute, Philip Griffin; Snout, George Noll;

BABES WATCH MOTHER BURN TO DEATH AT SAN JOSE JULY 1-2-3-4

San Leandro Woman Perishes In Flames; Attempts to Save Loaf of Bread.

Enveloped in flames from a burning loaf she was baking, Mrs. Lorada Pessicacae, San Leandro, was burned to death in the presence of her four young children Saturday night, despite heroic attempts of neighbors to save her. She was rushed to the County Infirmary, where she succumbed to terrible burns all over her body, Sunday.

She left the bread unattended on the fire and when she returned found one of the loaves burning. When she attempted to save the loaf the flames caught her dress.

While the children looked on in terror Mrs. Pessicacae ran screaming into the street with her clothing ablaze. Neighbors wrapped her in a blanket and so stifled the flames, but not before she had been fatally burned.

Parent-Teachers Held Last Meeting

The Parent-Teachers Association held its last meeting of the season Friday, May 12th. It was thought best to postpone the election of officers until the first meeting in the fall. At that meeting will occur the reception to the teachers. President Mrs. Oakeshott named the committee for the occasion.

The address at the closing meeting was made by Dr. R. E. Reese on "Environment." Dr. Reese was scientific, biological, popular and humorous. His happy combination of these varied characteristics made the address highly enjoyable to those present.

Refreshments followed, and all felt that so happy a closing meeting promised well for a still more successful season next year.

Mr. Morrison Passes Away

On last Monday at his home in Castroville, Cincinnati Morrison died at the age of 89 years and eleven months. He was a brother of David Morrison, the late Perry Morrison and Mrs. Emeline Tyson.

Fodder Dolan left this week for Fresno, where he has accepted a position. He will also play with the Fresno ball team.

Snug, Weston Emery; Starveling, Talton Stealey. Tisiphone, Semele, Panope, Philomela, Cynthia, ladies at the court of Theseus—Irene Benbow, Dorothy Tyson, Matilda Oliveria, Elsie Haley, Edith Fair.

Peaseblossom, Moth, Cobweb, Mustardseed, and Fairies—Cheryl Moyer, May Walpert, Dorothy Smith, Willella Moyer, Irma Tringham, Edna Destrella, Laura Silva.

World's Champion Riders Will Compete For \$5,000 In Cash Prizes.

A body of leading business and professional men of Santa Clara County have incorporated under the name of the California Round-Up Association and have outlined elaborate plans for holding a monster four-day celebration, to be held in San Jose from July 1 to 4, depicting wild west, the proceeds to go to the charities of the city. The show will particularly feature those thrilling and daring entertainment of the men and women of the cattle ranches when the long hot trails from Mexico to the Blackfoot reservation in northern Montana were alive with droves of cattle and No-Man's Land was the rendezvous of bandit and rustler. There will be dozens of the vanishing sports revived and all will be qualified to inspire the spectator with the romance of by-gone period. Chief among the exhibitions will be bronco riding, horse racing, show races, steer riding, fancy rope spinning and lassoing, bull-dogging, wild horse and wild coach races, relay riding. World's championships will be contested for and valuable cash prizes amounting to \$5,000 are to be distributed to winners.

Letters received by the committee from cattlemen throughout the West show a marked interest in the coming celebration and Round-Up to the extent that dozens of cattle companies and individual owners have signified their willingness to enter their crack riders and horses in the meet.

During the evenings of the big event every form of street entertainment will be had, along with novelties of a spectacular nature. At the present time plans are being completed for building a quarter-mile track and a 15-acre arena, together with bleachers and grand-stand all of which will cost in the neighborhood of \$25,000. Seating capacity for nearly 15,000 has been arranged for.

The celebration has the endorsement of the San Jose chamber of commerce, merchants association, Rotary Club, board of supervisors, the labor bodies of the city, and all civic and fraternal bodies throughout the country. Officers of the organization who represent the leading citizens of San Jose, are: Louis Oneal, president; A. B. Langford, vice-president; John B. Shea, secretary; Frank Matten, treasurer.

Despondent Man Hangs Self to Tree

The body of Michael Barynal was found hanging to a tree near the Sunol bridge Thursday by employees of the Spring Valley Water Company.

It is believed he hung himself because of loss of employment recently at a brick plant.

The Township Register

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Niles, - Alameda County, - California

MEXICAN SITUATION IN PARAGRAPHS

Reading, Pa., May 11.—Batteries D, E and F, Third United States artillery, left today for Texas.

Pensacola, Fla., May 11.—The twentieth and seventy-seventh companies of coast artillery left today for Fort Sam Houston, Tex.

Marathon, Tex., May 11.—Mexican bandits again crossed into American territory last night and attacked civilians and soldiers.

Wilmington, Del., May 11.—The one hundred and twelfth company, coast artillery, numbering 125 men, left Fort du Pont early today for Texas.

Brownsville, Tex., May 11.—Curtis Bayless, an American farmer, was shot tonight a short distance from his home near Mercedes, Tex., by a band of four or five Mexicans, who succeeded in escaping.

San Francisco.—Collector of Customs Davis received an official message, May 11, from Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Edward J. Peters ordering him to seize all shipments of munitions to Mexico.

Marathon, Tex., May 11.—Mexican bandits yesterday evening fired on a military automobile conveying a message from Major Langhorne to Colonel Sibley at a point eighteen miles north of Bouquillas, on the Marathon-Bouquillas road.

El Paso, Tex., May 11.—Major General Hugh L. Scott, chief of staff of the army, notified Mexican Minister of War Obregon today that President Wilson had authorized him to refuse the demand for the withdrawal of the punitive expedition.

Junction City, Kan., May 11.—The twenty-five student officers of the army mounted service school at Fort Riley will be graduated at once, and will leave for service on the Mexican border. Immediate graduation was ordered by the War Department.

San Francisco.—With the departure May 11 of troops from Vancouver Barracks and Fort George Wright at Seat-

le, the military post here, abandoned in 1906 by the War Department, and which has been under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior since 1911, has been returned to the War Department, according to a private message from Washington received here tonight.

Brownsville, Tex., May 11.—Fort Brown, the military post here, abandoned in 1906 by the War Department, and which has been under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior since 1911, has been returned to the War Department, according to a private message from Washington received here tonight.

El Paso, Tex., May 11.—Rioting started in Chihuahuita, a small settlement within the city limits of El Paso, tonight at 9:30 o'clock, when a mob of thirty Mexicans attacked the provost guard with bricks. The guard consisted of eight United States soldiers. To defend themselves the soldiers were compelled to fire into the mob. There were no fatalities.

San Antonio, Tex., May 11.—Mobilization of the Texas national guard at Fort Sam Houston for service in the United States army virtually was completed tonight with the arrival of all but two companies of the state militia. The complement of the Texas guard ordered to report at Fort Sam Houston is thirty-seven companies of infantry, two troops of cavalry and two batteries of light artillery, in all about 5,000 men.

Berlin.—The Frankfurter Zeitung publishes a report that General Townshend, the British commander who recently surrendered at Kut-el-Amara, Mesopotamia, had with him in the fortress his two daughters. They have been sent to Constantinople. They were offered free passage through the lines during the siege, but refused to accept the offer.

Minneapolis.—Mrs. M. J. Skoll committed suicide Tuesday, May 9, by hanging, in order that her six children might receive \$1,000 life insurance, according to a signed statement by her husband, who is being held pending investigation.

New York.—A political headquarters to boom Henry Ford for President is to be established in New York, according to reports. It is said that the office is to be opened by the "Patriotic Peace Society."

Berlin.—Joseph C. Grew, secretary of the American Embassy in Berlin, will depart shortly for New York on private business, the Overseas News Agency says. Grew's father died recently.

ROANOKE CARGO SHIFTS AND STEAMER GOES TO BOTTOM

Captain Richard Dickson and His Wife Among Those Lost; Four Are Rescued Who Tell Story of Terrible Disaster

Port San Luis—Three unconscious sailors in an open boat, sprawling across the bodies of five of their mates who had died through exposure, brought to Port San Luis Wednesday evening, May 10, mute testimony of one of the worst sea disasters on this coast in years—the foundering of the steamer Roanoke of San Francisco, bound for Valparaiso, and the loss of probably forty-seven lives.

The Roanoke carried a heavy cargo, made up largely of explosives and inflammables. It was the shifting of this cargo under the impact of heavy seas that caused the disaster, according to the only survivor able to talk.

The first intimation that a tragedy had been enacted on the bosom of the ocean came at 6 p. m., May 10, when Lighthouse Keeper Smith saw, through his glasses, a boat bobbing up and down on the waves at the end of the Port San Luis breakwater, about a mile from shore. There was no sign of life in the little craft. No movement could be seen, although in the bottom of the boat were the forms of several men.

By telephone the lighthouse keeper quickly informed the clerk at the Hotel Marie, at this place. The clerk, in turn, apprised Captain John Neilson of the Union Oil Company. Captain Neilson organized a relief party and set out for the breakwater in his power launch.

Painted across the bow of the little life-boat which, with its tragic cargo the sea and the wind had derisively wafted toward port when they had done with their victims, Captain Neilson read the name "Roanoke."

On first inspection the relief party concluded that all the eight men in the life-boat of the Roanoke were dead. The bodies were stiff and cold to the touch. They lay sprawled in gruesome attitudes. In answer to hails there was no word from the little sea-battered craft.

Captain Neilson, however, was not satisfied. He crawled over the gunwale of his launch into the smaller boat alongside and personally examined every man. His reward was the discovery that the captain and his wife remained in three of them.

As quickly as he had gone out on the first alarm from the lighthouse keeper, Captain Neilson sent his launch back to the wharf, carrying with it the inert bodies.

They were Joseph Erbe, Manuel Lopez and John Roach, all of San Francisco.

San Francisco.—One more survivor of the ill-fated North Pacific liner Roanoke was picked up Thursday morning, May 11, in a drifting lifeboat which had as the other half of its grewsome cargo a dead body.

No hope is held out for either Captain Richard Dickson or his wife, the only woman on board the Roanoke.

The first account, given by Quartermaster Joseph F. Erbe, was that Mrs. Dickson had been thrown into the sea when the vessel listed and that the captain had promptly jumped into the waves after her. His mind cleared by rest and strength, he corrected this story, saying that when the lifeboats were putting off from the sinking ship Captain Dickson and his wife were left clinging to the bridge. When Erbe lost sight of the vessel in the heavy seas the captain and his wife were still visible.

GET READY TO READ LIGHT BROWN PAPER

Oregon City, Ore.—All Pacific Coast paper factories have begun the elimination of aniline dye from their print paper-making processes, according to announcement at the offices of the Crown-Willamette and the Hawley Pulp and Paper Company mills. Already the use of aniline products has been reduced 50 per cent and gradually it will be dropped, owing to the tremendous increase in the cost of the products since the war began. The price has advanced from 30¢ cents a pound to \$15 a pound.

The ultimate result will be to turn out newspaper stock the natural color of the pulp.

Kingman, Ariz.—Mrs. George B. Davis, aged 40, wife of a cattle man, and two of her eight children were burned to death May 11 in a fire that destroyed her home at Hackberry, twenty-six miles northeast of here. Mrs. Davis had rescued six of the children and returned into the house for the other two—one a month-old girl and the other a 4-year-old boy—when the roof collapsed.

Quartermaster Erbe said that the boat which he first entered was swamped on account of poor handling. Hurled into the water, he swam to a floating plank and clung to it until he was picked up by the craft containing Lopez.

In this they attempted to row ashore. There were eight aboard when the start was made. Three died Tuesday night and were left in the boat. One more died Wednesday afternoon and the fifth died just as the party reached Port San Luis breakwater.

In a spirit of adventure young Carlo A. Belgrano, Fremont High School student of Oakland and son of Francis N. Belgrano of 1132 Seventh avenue, vice-president of the Italian Popular bank, has probably met death at sea.

He induced his father to let him leave school and accept the position as freight clerk on the Roanoke. He would have been graduated this spring.

The Roanoke was owned by the North Pacific Steamship Company and had been in the passenger trade on this coast for many years. She sailed from San Francisco at midnight Monday, May 8, bound for Valparaiso. Her cargo, worth \$250,000, consisted of 600 tons of dynamite, 1300 tons of wheat and several hundred drums of gasoline and oil.

C. P. Doe, general manager of the North Pacific Steamship Company, owner of the Roanoke, said the steamer was only about one-third insured and was valued, at the present price, at about \$300,000. He said:

"The Roanoke was an old steamer, but we had already been offered in excess of \$300,000 for her and so valued her at that figure."

"Captain Dickson has been with us for about seven years, during five years of which he was in command of the Roanoke. On this voyage he obtained special permission to take his wife with him."

"Daniel McInnes, the chief engineer, had also been with us for a number of years and both men were thought highly of by the company."

Insurance companies of California estimate their loss at \$500,000 by the sinking of the steamer Roanoke.

But a small amount of insurance was held on the vessel, although a large amount was carried on the cargo and profits.

Answering statements that the Roanoke left San Francisco very heavily laden, E. L. Jenkins, auditor of the California South Seas Company, which chartered the vessel from the North Pacific Steamship Company, said that the stowing of the vessel was supervised by C. P. Doe, president of the North Pacific Company, owner of the vessel.

"We had a large amount of cargo left over," said Jenkins. "I believe that Doe, who is certainly a competent steamship man, used his best judgment as to the amount of cargo his vessel could carry. Furthermore, the port surveyors are exceedingly alert to prevent overloading."

"The fact that the captain took the ship out and kept her on her course for sixteen hours goes to show that he was satisfied that the Roanoke was properly loaded. Had it appeared otherwise he would have turned back."

Roanoke's History.
The Roanoke was built in Chester, Pa., in 1882. It was of 2354 tons, 267 feet long and 40.5 feet beam.

"POTATO KING" SHIMA MORTGAGES BIG ACREAGE

Stockton—Records here show that George Shima, known as the "Potato King," and Shima Shima, his wife, have mortgaged their property in this county to the Yokohama Specie Bank, Limited, of San Francisco. The amount of the mortgage totals \$368,000 and interest, and is given as security for six promissory notes.

A great amount of San Joaquin property is mortgaged through the Shima deal, as well as property in the Wagner Tract, the Wright Tract and the Cohen-Bishop Tract.

PLANS TO GIVE PACIFIC COAST 20 SUBMARINES

Washington.—The naval bill will contain appropriations for two dreadnaughts, four battle cruisers and fifty submarines, according to Representative Stevens of California, member of the committee. He said it is possible the bill will include six battle cruisers. The Navy Department plans to station on the Pacific Coast from fifteen to twenty of the new submarines.

GOLDEN STATE NEWS

TERSLEY TOLD

Orland—Orland is rapidly becoming an auto stage center.

Chico—The frost has injured the gardens in this vicinity.

Tahoe—The road between Lake Tahoe and Reno is now open.

Plymouth—This city will hold a Fourth of July celebration.

Weed—The Siskiyou County Sportsmen's Club met here May 10.

Woodland—The home of Fred Gramm was robbed this home daylight.

Martinez—James Hoey has been endorsed as postmaster for Martinez.

Rio Vista—Committees have been appointed to arrange for a horse show.

Napa—Thomas McBain, pioneer of Napa, died here Monday night, May 8. Willows—Albert Bradshaw and Miss Meta Marie Todter were married here May 8.

Paradise—The funeral of Mrs. Minnie Kerns Copeland was held here Wednesday, May 10.

Livermore—Altamont farm bureau center has been organized in the Altamont district.

Chico—John Wilson has purchased 16½ acres of orchard land from William Hollingsworth.

Woodland—The \$200,000 bonds for the new county court house carried by a large majority.

San Diego—Thirty girls of the San Diego High School have enrolled for Red Cross work.

Stockton—Declaring that he was starving, George M. Mohr broke into jail by stealing.

Napa—Sol. Frank has been charged with killing Maurice Golstein, a San Francisco merchant.

Willows—Mrs. Momano R. Bottero has charged her husband with an attempt to commit murder.

Richmond—Rev. H. W. Vodray of New York will become the pastor of Calvary Baptist Church.

Placerville—The Yellow Jacket mine has been sold to A. Bilbie of Colorado, who is backing a corporation.

Downieville—Surveyors are working on the grade for the proposed highway from Camptonville to Downieville.

Butte City—The Rev. T. J. O'Connor will remain here another year as pastor of the Methodist church.

Marysville—A suit has been filed to break the will of the late Daniel Fraser, who left an estate valued at \$20,000.

Alturas—The county experts report an apparent shortage of \$923.35 in the accounts of the Alturas city marshal.

Weaverville—A road is being built by the Forest Service up the Trinity river from South Fork to North Fork.

Dixon — Andrew Byrns and Miss Mary Byrns were severely injured in an auto accident near here last week.

Redding—The marriage of Mrs. Hannah Dalberg Schow to Oscar J. Schow, convicted of bigamy, has been annulled.

Woodland—It is believed that the man who was drowned recently in Butte slough was Charles Wallace of this city.

Auburn—Steve Legatos, Greek, was sentenced to 14 years in prison for lewd and lascivious conduct toward a little girl.

Blaisden—S. W. Harrigan, construction worker, was shot and killed by an unknown man Monday, May 8, during a quarrel.

Marysville—It is reported the Pendleton Woolen Mills of Pendleton, Ore., will take charge of the old wollen mills of this city.

Butte City—Mrs. Ollie Price, who was injured recently when an auto collided with the carriage in which she was driving, is recovering.

Redding—There are 200,000 acres of irrigable land in Lassen and Modoc counties according to the report of the irrigation committee.

Grass Valley—On account of big snow drifts the work on opening the public road over the summit to Truckee is progressing very slowly.

Bakersfield—Harry Anderson, employee of the Standard Oil Company, killed his sweetheart, Della Rouke, then committed suicide recently.

Portola—Rev. M. E. Coen has been acting as brakeman on the Beca and Loyaltan railroad that operates its trains but twice a week.

Placerville—George Blakeley recovered the body of his niece, Mary Blakeley, who was drowned in the American river near Camino last week.

Berkeley—Frank M. Probert, of San Francisco, has been elected professor of mining of the State University to succeed the late Samuel B. Christy.

Blaisden—A coroner's jury has charged Joe Perry, a half-breed Indian, with the murder of J. W. Harrigan, who was found dead in his tent recently.

Martinez—Canio Martinez, the laborer who was found on the track with his throat cut from ear to ear and windpipe severed, will recover, according to medical advice here.

BRITISH RULE IN IRELAND FLAYED BY MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

Speech By John Dillon Raises Storm In House of Commons As Leader Makes Fierce Attack on Policy of Military

London.—The House of Lords adopted the resolution of Lord Loreburn expressing dissatisfaction of the administration of Irish affairs. There was no division.

London.—The most dangerous factor in Ireland's situation, which had been recognized since the brief rising flashed in the pan, was that the punishment of the rebels would cause a reaction of sympathy among the warm-hearted and emotional people. This threatened danger appears to be fast materializing.

John Dillon, one of the most respected of the Nationalists, but often one of the bitterest antagonists of British rule, attacked the Government May 11 in the House of Commons, in a speech, which, for bitter denunciation, has not been surpassed at Westminster since Parnell's days.

Dillon said that the fact that nine out of ten people in Ireland were on the side of the Government was due to the life work of the Nationalists, and now the present rule was "washing out that life work in a sea of blood."

Out of the whole of Ireland, Dillon continued, there were only four or five spots where there was insurrection, yet the whole country was under martial law, and there was absolutely no trace of the civil administration. The Irish people, he declared, would refuse to accept the well-known high character of General Maxwell as the sole guarantee of their liberties, and if the military rule was to be continued the Government had better get ready 100,000 men to garrison the country.

Men arrested, continued Dillon, had been threatened with death and actually placed against a wall in order to persuade them to become informers.

The military were making searches throughout the country, and he could give the Premier particulars of the administration of military law. Yet they were told that the head of the Government knew nothing of General Maxwell's doings.

At present everything conceivable, said Dillon, was being done to spread disaffection throughout the country. Limerick, Clare and Mayo counties were not in a disturbed condition, and their reward was the sending of troops to make arrests.

"If Ireland were governed by men out of Bedlam," shouted Dillon, "they could not pursue a more insane policy. You are letting loose a river of blood between two races which, after 300 years of hatred, we had nearly succeeded in bringing together. You are washing out the whole lifework in a sea of blood."

After declaring that the primary object of his amendment was to put an absolute and final stop to the executions, Dillon proceeded:

"In my opinion the present government of Ireland is largely in the hands of the Dublin clubs. What is the use of telling me that the executive authorities acted in close consultation with the civic executive officers of the Irish government? Who are these officers? There are none; they have all disappeared. There is no government in Ireland except Maxwell and the Dublin clubs. Every-

body in Dublin knows that.

"Before the civil officers took flight the military officers treated them with undisguised contempt and from the day martial law was proclaimed the civil government came absolutely to an end. The men of the old 'ascendancy' party are going about the streets of Dublin, openly glorying in the rebellion; they claim that it brought martial law and real government into the country. That is what makes the situation so terrible. If that program is to be enforced in Ireland you had better get ready 100,000 men to garrison the country. And then what sort of appearance will you make as the champions of small nationalities?"

The loud cheers were renewed and Dillon continued:

"There was little wonder," he said, "that Dublin was seething with rumors, and but for the action of John MacNeill, who broke the back of the rebellion, the military would have been fighting still."

Dillon charged that men had been threatened with death unless they gave evidence against comrades. In one case a boy of 15 was ordered to give evidence. He said, "I won't," and the officer said, "you will be shot." The boy replied "shoot away."

The boy was then blindfolded and taken away and was again asked to inform, but replied, "No." He was then made to hear the click of rifles. Afterward the bandages were taken from his eyes and he was sent home. After describing this incident, Dillon said:

"I call that damnable and intolerable."

Relating further incidents, Dillon continued:

"Another man said, 'Shoot me, for I have killed three of your soldiers.' That may horrify some of the honorable members here, but I am proud of these men."

This remark met with loud cries of "shame," but the speaker went on:

"I am proud of their courage, and if the English people were not so dense they would have these people fighting for them."

Among the personal incidents Dillon related was one concerning his son. He said:

"My son, seventeen and a half years of age, applied for a military pass to go to Kingstown. He was asked his name and college and was grossly insulted by a British officer, who refused the pass. This son had asked permission on his seventeenth birthday to join the British Army. I gave him leave to enlist when he became 18. He will never join it now and there are tens of thousands of other similar cases."

"After all, it is our country, although you look upon it as a sort of back garden which you can trample into dust without consideration."

There was a lively incident at the conclusion of Dillon's speech. He was saying that the insurgents had made a good, clean fight, however misguided. He was interrupted by a member and retorted:

"It would be a good thing if your sons were able to put up as good a fight—3,000 against 20,000 with machine guns and artillery."

INDUSTRIAL DEATHS REDUCED IN CALIFORNIA

The Industrial Accident Commission has just issued figures giving the number of deaths in the industries of California during the year 1915 and draws attention to the list as compared with the statistics for 1914. In the latter year there were 691 workers killed and 533 workers gave their lives to the industries of this state in 1915. The following table shows the reductions in the death list by occupations (the word "service" includes employees of men in the professions, as well as those engaged in hotel service, apartment houses, restaurants, domestic servants and amusement or entertainment employees):

	1915	1914
Agriculture	55	62
Construction	78	115
Extraction (Mining and Quarrying)	71	86
Manufacturing	99	121
Service	25	24
Trades	20	24
Transportation and Public Utilities	172	239
Unknown	13	20

Total

533	691
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The effective work in behalf of "Safety First" has been accomplished

\$2,955,000 SUBMARINE BASES URGED FOR CANAL

Washington. — Secretaries Daniels and Baker and the Panama canal authorities have joined in a recommendation to Congress for an appropriation of \$2,955,306 for submarine bases at the Panama canal, to be immediately available.

"The Secretary of the Navy thinks it most important that these submarine bases be established at the earliest practicable date," Secretary Baker advised the House.

as a result of cordial support from employers and employees, the public generally, and the press of California.

That this reduction comes as the result of careful planning to avoid accident is shown by the decrease in the main industries of the state, excepting service, where the record shows an increase of one death in 1915 over 1914.

It is the hope of the Industrial Accident Commission that statistics will show a substantial reduction for each succeeding year. The aim is that no preventable death shall take place.

The 158 lives speak in terms of breadwinners saved to wives and little children and an enrichment to the



SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS.

Once upon a time there were two sisters, one was called Sunshine because she was always laughing and had a kind word for everyone.

The other sister was called Clouds, because she was so cross-looking and never had a pleasant word for anyone.

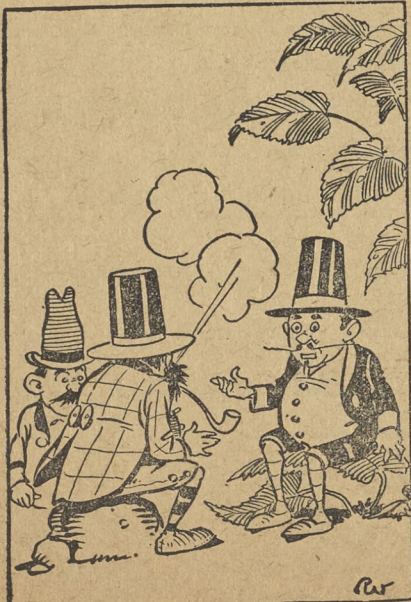
Sunshine and Clouds lived with their uncle, who was a miser, and when they grew up he thought they ate too much, so one morning he gave each of them a pail filled with food and told them they must go away and earn their living.

They walked a long distance the first day without finding work, and when it came night they sat under a tree to eat their supper.

"Let us eat the food from your pail first," said Clouds, "and then we can throw away the pail and only have one pail to carry."

Sunshine thought this was a good plan, and let her sister help herself to all the nicest things in her pail, and then next morning they ate from Sunshine's pail also, and when night came they were still without a place to sleep, and Sunshine's pail was empty.

Clouds sat down to eat her supper, but she did not offer her sister any-



"What Is It?" Asked One.

thing to eat, and when Sunshine asked

her for something she replied: "If you were silly enough to give away your share do not think I am silly also. I shall keep this for myself."

Sunshine cried herself to sleep that night, more because of her sister's unkindness than because she was hungry, and the next morning when she awoke she found herself alone. Clouds had gone away before she was awake.

Poor Sunshine walked all day and asked at each door for work, but none could she find, and she was afraid to sleep under a tree alone, so she crawled between two rocks and pulled the bushes over her to hide herself from the animals that lived in the wood.

When she awoke the moon was shining, and she heard voices, and looking out from her hiding place, she saw some queer-looking little creatures sitting on the ground. They were the little brown men, and they were talking of the king who lived in a big castle not far away.

"I could tell him what would restore his daughter's sight," said one, "but what good would it do for me to go to the castle; I am so small that they would not see me, and if they did I do not know what would happen. No, I am not going to take any such risk, but I will tell you what would cure her."

"What is it?" asked one. "If the princess would get up early in the morning and go into the woods while the dew is still on the bushes and get a cupful of the dew and then find the well of fire that is on the top of the mountain and set the dew to boil over it, and when it is cool drink it, that would cure her."

Sunshine listened, and when the little brown men went away she remembered what she had heard, and the next morning she ate some berries and started for the castle, where the blind princess lived.

"I want to see the king," said Sunshine, when the gate of the castle was opened.

"What do you want with the king?" asked the king's servant.

"That I cannot tell to you," replied Sunshine; "but you must let me see him or the little princess will always be blind."

When the servant heard that he let Sunshine in, for everyone loved the little princess.

When Sunshine told the king the cure she had learned from the little brown men he did not have much faith, but he wished to try everything, and so one morning the little princess set out with Sunshine and gathered the dew in a cup.

All day they walked, for it was a long way to the top of the mountain, and just as the sun was going down they came to the well of fire.

There was a grating over the top and on this the little blind princess guided by Sunshine placed the cup, and as soon as the dew boiled Sunshine took it off to cool.

The Farm Boy's Creed.

I believe that the country which God made is more beautiful than the city which man made; that life out of doors and in touch with the earth is the natural life of man. I believe that work with nature is more inspiring than work with the most intricate machinery. I believe that the dignity of labor depends not on what you do but how you do it; that opportunity comes to a boy on the farm as often as to the boy in the city; that life is larger and freer and happier on the farm than in the town; that my success depends not upon my location, but upon myself; not upon my dreams, but upon what I actually do; not upon luck, but upon pluck. I believe in working when you work, and in playing when you play, and in giving and demanding a square deal in every act of life.

"Drink it now," she said when it was cool enough.

The little princess drank, and in a few minutes she said: "I see a beautiful bright light; what is it?"

"That is the sun setting," said Sunshine. "You can see now, and the world will always look bright to you, for you will no longer be blind."

Sunshine took the little princess back to the castle, where the king was waiting, and when he knew that his daughter's sight had been restored he held a feast and told everyone how Sunshine had cured the princess, and that in return for this he intended to make her his daughter also.

In the midst of the feast a servant came to the king and said that a girl had been found by the side of the castle wall faint from the want of food, and when they brought her in Sunshine saw it was her sister Clouds.

But she did not tell the king how selfish Clouds had been to her; she only said: "She is my sister; we were lost in the woods."

When Clouds found how kind and unselfish her sister was she became ashamed of herself and determined to be like her, so for the sake of Sunshine the king adopted both of them, and they lived at the castle with the little princess and grew up to be good and useful women.

BACKYARD GARDENS BY BOYS

Government Specialist Says Children Are Able to Carry on Larger Projects Than Expected.

"Boys and girls are able to carry on much larger garden projects than we

formerly believed," says Dr. C. D. Jarvis, the government specialist in children's quarters.

"There is no trouble in stirring up interest in growing things where children are concerned," he adds, "and many little gardeners have utilized every inch, otherwise unproductive enough, of their back yards. Often, however, there is a shortage of pennies wherewith to buy seeds; and to supply these gratuitously, and still to



Boys Living Near Chicago at Work in Their Garden.

teach children the value of money and give them business experience, is a delicate problem. Most of the children, it was found, preferred to raise vegetables; but where they had indulged themselves in a modest flower bed they had almost all shown a surprising sense of proportion and color."

Abbreviation of Don't.

Teacher—Now, Clarence, can you tell me what "can't" is the abbreviation of?

Clarence—It's the abbreviation of "cannot."

Teacher—That's right. Now, Edgar, what is "don't" the abbreviation of?

Edgar—Doughnut.

Mamma Was a Palmist.

Little Fred—My mamma can tell things by looking at people's hands. Visitor—Indeed! Is she a palmist?

Little Fred—I don't know; but every time she looks at my hands she tells me to go and wash 'em.

With His Mouth.

Aunt—Willie, don't you want to help me freeze the ice cream?

Willie—Naw! I'll wait an' help you 'haw it after its froze.

Evening Dress in Black



Anything from the establishment of Jenny, in Paris, may be counted upon to interpret the mode with delightful refinement. In the productions for this season there is a leaning toward black, in this house, which is especially apparent in models for evening gowns. One of them, in which silk

net and taffeta are combined in a way that will please the discriminating, is shown in the picture here. It has a full round skirt of the silk, shirred at the waist and finished with a ruche of the silk about the bottom and about the hips. There is a bodice of the taffeta, with midvictorian shoulders and puffed elbow sleeves, finished with a full ruche of the silk. It is draped in surplice fashion at the front.

If the designer had stopped here there would be nothing lacking to make this an acceptable afternoon frock of a simple and attractive sort, but with nothing about it to bespeak the things that are expressed by modes

from the house of Jenny. Therefore the designer did not stop, but proceeded to veil the whole frock in a mist of net, and did this most artfully.

A flounce of the net is set on under the ruche about the hips and allowed to fall until it reaches a length more than two inches greater than that of the silk skirt. It is finished at the bot-

tom with a narrow hem. A second flounce is set in in the same position and turned up over the ruche of silk. It is gathered in at the waist and forms a deep puff below the ruching.

The silk bodice is also covered with a drapery of net that is extended over the shoulders and veils the sleeves. A deep frill of doubled net is set in under the ruche of silk about the elbows, which is included in the net veiling the sleeves.

In selecting a finishing touch the designer chose, as exactly suited to the gown, a gardenia and loops and ends of narrow ribbon in Nattier blue.

Such pretty afterthoughts of the designer often seize the attention before it is attracted by the gown itself. They nearly always betray a sense of fitness and a painstaking attention to detail that command admiration. But they have been known to betray a lack of these things in gowns otherwise

The gown pictured was designed for a taller figure than that of the model posing in it. A silk-clad ankle and an elegant low shoe are needed to be in keeping with it.

Julia Bottomley

Important Accessories of Dress



Capes and fichus and many dainty collars find themselves important among the accessories to be worn with the spring suit or coat. They are also designed for indoor wear on practical one-piece suits. Now that open throat lines are established for the coming season much of the new neckwear conforms to this mode. But high collars have not abdicated and they are well represented with cape attachment, or the vestee, or without either.

Crepe, chiffon, voile, organdie and net are the fabrics that are used for all sorts of neckwear. Hemstitching, lace and embroidery and very small tucks make up their decoration, with the tiniest of buttons serving often a double purpose. In high collars they provide the means of fastening, and an ornament, and they are often used merely for their decorative value.

A high and a low collar are portrayed in the picture above. At the right a small cape is finished at the edge with hemstitching and bordered with two narrow tucks. A wide standing turnover covers the neck and throat, finished with a small cravat bow at the front. This model is especially becoming to the thin woman.

A good pattern, shown at the left and center in two views, begins as a small cape at the back but narrows to two slender points at the front. It is set on to a band and finished at the edge with hemstitching. Fine narrow

lace insertion is set in at the back and at the ends of the front pieces, as shown in the picture. Embroidered dots are added to the lace decoration. Narrow cluny, hand crochet, and tating insertions are recommended for these neckpieces. Val is always pretty, but has been in use so long that it has lost prestige. Nothing is prettier than tating, either as a finishing for edges or in medallion or band inserts.

Julia Bottomley

Comfort for the Stout Woman.

One of the fallacies of stout women is that a tight, plain skirt, apparently decreases the size of the hips; whereas, the truth is that it is the most unbecoming fashion that they can select. Even gathers are oftentimes better than seams. This is a difficult lesson to teach the woman who weighs over 140, but the woman is wise who learns the lesson and uses it to her advantage.

Oil Cloth Covers on Porch Tables.

The newest covers for porch tables that are being shown are black or white oilcloth gayly sprinkled with bouquets of many colored flowers. The vase of flowers may do its worst without affecting one's summer peace of mind.

TO COOK MUSHROOMS

METHODS OF PREPARATION THAT ARE ALL DELICIOUS.

Appetizing and Nourishing Food Is Feared by Many Because of Danger From Poisonous Imitations—Some of the Recipes.

Broiled Mushrooms.—Broiled mushrooms are easy to prepare and delicious to eat. Use fresh mushrooms. Trim and peel them and put them in a wire broiler. Broil on each side over a slow fire and serve on thin slices of hot buttered toast.

Devised Mushrooms.—Devised mushrooms are not much different from broiled mushrooms; in truth, they are a sort of broiled mushroom. But the slight difference adds to their delicacy. For devised mushrooms peel and trim the mushrooms and then dip in melted butter. Broil slowly and slip immediately to a hot dish to serve.

Mushrooms au Gratin.—For this very appetizing dish select a dozen big mushrooms, trim and peel them, and separate the tops and stalks. Chop the stalks fine, with two tablespoonfuls of parsley and two tablespoonfuls of fat bacon. Add salt and pepper to taste and two eggs, beaten well. Put the dozen tops of the mushrooms in a buttered baking dish and then add the chopped mixture. Sprinkle the top with fine breadcrumbs and melted butter and bake until brown.

Cream Mushroom Soup.—Peel and trim a pint of mushrooms and boil them gently until very tender with a pint of water. Then rub through a sieve. Mix a pint of boiling water with a pint of hot milk. Rub together a tablespoonful each of butter and flour and with this thicken the milk and water. Season with salt and pepper and a grating of nutmeg and add the mushroom paste just before serving.

Mushrooms for Garnishing.—For garnishing, canned mushrooms answer the purpose very well. Fresh mushrooms should be peeled and trimmed and boiled tender and then used whole or chopped, in gravy or sauce.

Creamed Mushrooms.—Boil the mushrooms until tender, after peeling and trimming neatly. Then make a thick white sauce and add the mushrooms to it. It should be well seasoned and rich.

Mushroom Patties.—Heat patty shells, crisp, rich ones, and have ready creamed mushrooms. Put a tablespoonful of the creamed mushrooms into each hot patty shell and serve.

Mushroom Omelet.—Beat the whites of four eggs stiff and beat the yolks until creamy. Fold together and add a little salt. Pour into a hot omelet pan and cover. Cook slowly. When ready to fold, sprinkle half the omelet

with a half cupful of minced mushrooms, fold, put in the oven for two minutes and serve.

Mushrooms in Brown Sauce.—Brown two tablespoonfuls of butter with two of flour. Then add a cupful of the water in which mushrooms have been slowly boiled. When thick and smooth season well with salt and pepper and add the mushrooms. Cut small.

Chicken and Mushrooms.—Broiled chicken is delicious with mushrooms. Have ready some creamed mushrooms and put them, in tablespoonfuls, on small pieces of hot buttered toast around the broiled chickens on a platter.

Mushrooms and Sweetbreads.—Mushrooms and sweetbreads are delicious together. Boil the sweetbreads and mushrooms separately and cut into small pieces. Mix with rich cream sauce and serve, seasoned with salt and pepper.

Baking Powder Biscuit.

Sift together two cupfuls flour, one-half teaspoonful salt and four teaspoonfuls baking powder. Cut in (with two knives) two tablespoonfuls butter and wet with about a cupful of milk to make a stiff dough. Turn on well-floured board, pat and roll lightly to an inch thickness and cut with biscuit cutter. Put in buttered pan, let stand ten minutes and bake in hot oven about 20 minutes. When done, brush over with melted butter. They will melt in your mouth.

Cold-Meat Relish.

Take any cold meat, cut into small bits and put a layer in a baking dish, then add a layer of sliced onions, one of tomatoes, more meat, onions and tomatoes. Fill dish in order given, season with salt and pepper, moisten with gravy or stock. Make a crust for top and bake one hour. First half-hour cover with a plate, then uncover to make a rich brown.

Nut Bouchees.

Cut some delicate slices of thin white or brown bread and butter, making them into sandwiches with a thick halving of grated or finely chopped walnut or other kernels moistened with mayonnaise or any suitable sauce, and well seasoned with salt and red pepper; divide into triangles, and garnish with watercress.

For Dirty Work.

A good way to keep the hands soft and white is to wash them quite clean, then rub in a little vaseline before doing any very dirty work, such as cleaning floors, etc. Tried with great satisfaction.

To Detect Bad Meat.

When doubtful as to whether a piece of meat is good or not, put it in brine; if it rises to the top it is unfit to eat.

MIXING THE BUTTER CAKES

Breakfast and Luncheon Delicacy Worth All the Time That Can Be Bestowed on It.

An earthen bowl should always be used for mixing cake, and a wooden cake spoon with slits lightens the labor. Measure dry ingredients, and mix and sift baking powder and spices, if used, with flour. Count out number of eggs required, breaking each separately that there may be no loss should a stale egg chance to be found in the number, separating yolks from whites if rule so specifies. Measure butter, then liquid. Having everything in readiness, the mixing may be quickly accomplished.

If butter is very hard, by allowing it to stand a short time in a warm room it is measured and creamed much easier. If time cannot be allowed for this to be done, warm bowl by pouring in some hot water, letting stand one minute, then emptying and wiping dry. Avoid overheating the bowl, as butter will become oily rather than creamy. Put butter in bowl and cream by working with a wooden spoon until soft and of a creamy consistency, then add sugar gradually and continue beating. All yolks of eggs or whole eggs beaten until light, liquid and flour mixed and sifted with baking powder; or liquid and flour may be added alternately. When yolks and whites are beaten separately whites are usually added at the last, as in the case when whites of eggs alone are used.

A cake can be made fine grained only by long beating, although light and delicate with a small amount of beating.

Never stir cake after the final beating, remembering that beating motion should always be the last used.

Fruit, when added to cake, is usually floured, to prevent its settling to the bottom. This is not necessary if it is added directly after the sugar, which is desirable in all dark cakes. If a light fruit cake is made, fruit added in this way discolors the loaf. Citron is cut first in thin slices, then in strips, floured, and put in between layers of cake mixture. Raisins are seeded and cut, rather than chopped. Washed currants, put up in packages, are quite free from stems and foreign substances, and need only picking over and rolling in flour.

Stewed Beef With Dried Green Peas.

Wash (after picking over) one pint of dried green peas. Put in kettle with enough water and let come to a boil (water should cover), and while boiling add about one-half teaspoonful of baking soda (saleratus). Continue boiling for about five or ten minutes, then remove from fire and strain and wash the peas to free from taste of soda. Prepare about one-half pound of lean beef (stew beef) by rinsing and cutting up in not too small pieces.

Put the meat and peas again in kettle and stew until meat is tender. Keep covered with water while meat is cooking. Season with salt, pepper and a small lump of butter (the butter may be omitted, but I prefer to add it).

Mock Fish.

Cut some scraped salsify into inch lengths, dropping them as done into water acidulated either with vinegar or lemon juice, and, soaking them in it for an hour; drain carefully, barely cover with boiling salted water, cook gently until soft, and strain.

Having made a thick, white sauce with the liquor mingled with an equal quantity of scalded milk, thickened with butter and flour in the usual proportions and seasoned agreeably with salt, pepper and lemon juice, put the salsify into fireproof shells, mask with the sauce, strew lightly with bread crumbs and a few knobs of butter, and brown in a quick oven. Or, if preferred, serve in cases of puff paste.

Vegetarian Rissoles.

Rub three ounces of butter into one-half pound of whole-meal bread crumbs, adding one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, one teaspoonful each of shredded onion and of minced herbs, a grate of nutmeg and lemon peel and seasoning to taste; mix this with an egg beaten up in one teacupful of milk, or, better still if available, of white sauce; mold into balls or torpedoes, fry in hot fat and serve garnished with daintily fried slices of hard-boiled egg, handing brown sauce and red currant jelly at the same time.

Irish Iceberg.

Put four cupfuls of water and two cupfuls of sugar in saucepan, bring to the boiling point and let boil 20 minutes. Cool, add three-fourths cupful of lemon juice. Color green and strain. Freeze, using three parts of finely-crushed ice to one part of rock salt. Serve in tall dessert glasses and pour over each portion one teaspoonful of creme de menthe. Sprinkle with chopped nuts, using Jordan almonds, English walnuts, and pecans in equal proportions.—Woman's Home Companion.

White Sauce.

Two tablespoonfuls butter, two tablespoonfuls flour, one cupful milk or white stock, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, a few grains cayenne, one-fourth teaspoonful pepper. Melt butter, add flour, seasonings and liquid. Stir until the boiling point is reached. Boil five minutes, beating constantly.

For Irons That Stick.

Iron will never stick to clothes if one-half teaspoonful of either lard or kerosene is added to the starch while it is hot.

The Township Register

The Newark Register

M. Smith, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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Entered as Second Class Matter July 17, 1909, at at the Post Office at Niles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The European belligerents now talk of peace seriously for the first time since the war broke out. Various semi-official statements have been given out from time to time and many views expressed by national leaders as to what would and what would not constitute the demands of the nations for which they spoke. All along the German theory has been that the allies contemplated Germany's extinction as a nation and would be satisfied with nothing less. There may have been grounds for that belief. On the other hand, spokesmen and press agents for the allies asserted that Germany's ambition was to subjugate pretty much the whole world, including America. Now comes the German chancellor with his not extremely startling dictum that Poland will not be returned to Russia and that there must be "a new Belgium." Furthermore, Germany has no ambition for territory either in North or South America. To balance this frank avowal, the British prime minister insists that the allies have no intention of crushing the German nation to the extent of wiping it off the map of Europe. In both declarations optimism can detect rays of hope that both sides are ready to compare notes, even to make concessions. Peace may not be near, but enough has been disclosed of the animus behind the belligerents today to justify, if not to make obligatory, a military truce and a formal presentation of the terms which must be discussed before peace can be reached. If The Hague peace court were a substance instead of a shadow, now would be its opportunity to constrain the warring governments to give to the world, to their foes and to their own people the ends for which they are now fighting, and short of which they will not halt.

A year ago now the allies seemed to be at the high water mark of success, or, rather, the Teutons at high tide and the allies overtopping them. The Germans had been stopped for months before the apparently impenetrable defenses of the West; the Austrians had been pushed over the crests of the Carpathian mountains, and the rich plains of Hungary, as well as the communications with Vienna, seemed to be at the mercy of the invading Russians. Suddenly Von Mackensen's Austro-German column smashed the

Russian right flank in west Galicia, and from that moment for a whole year the initiative and the honors rested with the Kaiser.

Investigation of our military preparedness resources shows that there are 101 educational institutions now giving military instruction. In 1915 there were 32,123 students under military training. It is assumed that all of the military graduates will be fit for commissions in the volunteers. Good officers are not easily made, but training which can be had in a school camp goes a long way toward inspiring confidence in men wholly untrained.

"The payroll of the railroads absorbs 45 cents out of every dollar the public pays for transportation," says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. In 1914, according to this writer, the payroll total was \$1,381,000,000, and that was nearly two-thirds of the cost of railway operation.

Are the Apaches used by the army on the Mexican border the real savages of the plain or the Buffalo Bill show kind? If they are real what boots our humanity talk when the United States employs them to hunt down human beings?

The finical critic has caught the schoolmaster president unprepared. He said "most adequate navy," whereas the adjective adequate means in itself "fully efficient," and the adverb is out of place.

A Dutch tugboat which explored the section of the North sea where several alleged torpedoing incidents took place located and destroyed twenty-four floating mines.

Boozeless beer in England and "powdered beer," of which 100 quarts can go by parcels post in America, show how far prohibition catches on to the conscience.

It might help morals in the movie shows to have now and then some barred to grownups "unless accompanied by children escorts."

When our army aviators get down to business no bandit's mountain lair should escape the searching bomb and grenade.

Now for a great Mexican traveler to write a book on darkest Mexico, with particulars as to bandit trails and caves.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," so, as sugar quotations now stand, adversity is also on the high cost counter.

In the language of world old logic those who are not for preparedness are against it.

One of the inventions for which the people are crying is a substitute for gasoline.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

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one of the best known wheels in the country.

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Notice

No trespassing or fishing is allowed on Sam Parks' place above Whitlock's.—Sam Parks.

Up-to-date stationery printed at the Register office.

NOTICE OF HEARING APPLICATION FOR LIQUOR LICENSE

Notice is hereby given that Monday, the 29 day of May 1916, at the hour of 10 a.m. at the rooms of the Board of Supervisors, in annex the Hall of Records, in the City of Oakland, has been fixed as the time and place for hearing the application of G. O. Darrow to obtain a liquor license for the sale of liquor at Mission San Jose in Mission Election Precinct.
Geo. E. Gross,
Clerk of the Board of Supervisors.
Dated Oakland, Cal. May 8th, 1916.

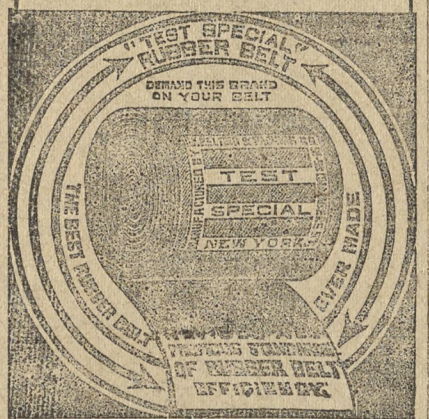
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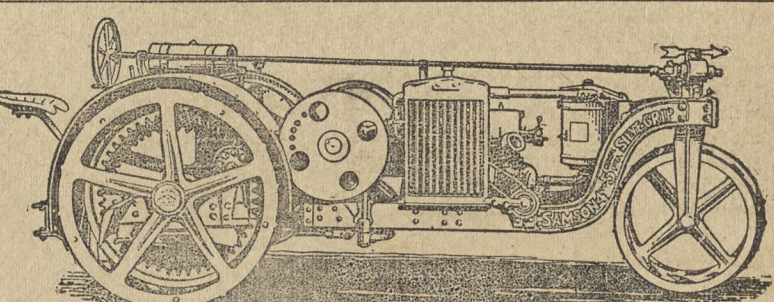
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From 4 to 6 horse pull \$725.00
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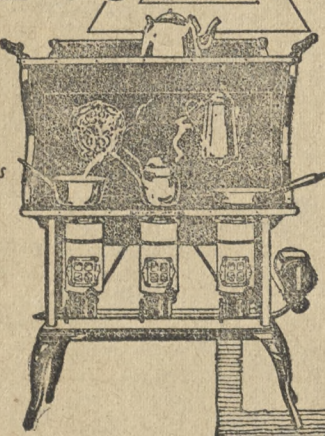


Why not get a good oil stove so that during the hot weather your wife or mother or sister or daughter, can prepare the meals in a cool, comfortable kitchen?

There's no overheating the kitchen with an up-to-date oil cook stove. It's just like cooking with city gas. The burners concentrate the heat at the different cooking points.

NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK-STOVE

For Best Results Use Pearl Oil



No wood or coal or ashes to lug. No waiting for fires to catch up. The long blue chimneys do away with all smoke and smell. In 1, 2, 3, and 4-burner sizes, with or without ovens. Also cabinet models with fireless cooking oven.

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Alberg Bros., Niles, Cal.

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Laundry turned out by our laundry is bound to please, because good work is our specialty.
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With Sanitary Drinking Water From The Famous

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Bottled at the Springs—Delivered F. O. B., San Jose.
Stands for Homes and Offices, and Tilting crates for auto.
outside trade furnished free.

Office, 404 S. Market St., San Jose. Phone S. J. 4668

Bud Fisher by Walt Mason

Bud Fisher jumped the old-time rut when he invented Jeff and Mutt. For years, with that amusing pair, he's chased away the people's care, and made them laugh and throw their hats, and cackle till they broke their slats. The tired, the sad, the weak, the worn, have laughed with Bud, and ceased to mourn; the lame, the halt, the blind, the deaf, have whooped with glee o'er Mutt and Jeff. Where does he find the joyous jests which break the buttons from our vests? You'd think the fount would have to fail, but never once has he been stale. When he sits down to hatch a plot in which his heroes will be caught, he lights his pipe, and soon a joke emerges from Tuxedo smoke. He swears by "Tux" and so will you, when you have tried a jar or two.

"Martha" to Be Presented In Costume



THE comic opera "Martha" is probably one of the best known of the humorous operas. It is to be presented on the Chautauqua program by the Boston Lyric Opera Singers, a quartet of soloists especially selected for the parts in this opera.

Irvington Items

Mrs. May Costa is up again after a severe attack of bronchitis.

Loretta Mattos, who has been quite sick with tonsillitis, is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Sturtevant returned Monday evening from a two days visit with friends in Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Dixon, and their father of Oakland, were guests of Mrs. M. S. Babb last Sunday.

Mrs. Hellen Threlfall has recently returned from Modesto and Stockton, where she had been visiting her son and other relatives.

The Irvington schools will hold appropriate services at the Irvington cemetery on Memorial Day in which all the school children will participate.

Joe Blacow, a former resident of Irvington but who has been a resident of Lassen county for the past several years is in the Alameda sanitarium in a very critical condition.

Joe Santos who was married to Miss Etta Rogers on May 1st, was taken suddenly ill at Hollister while the young couple were on their honeymoon and was taken to the hospital, where he still remains.

Bert Haley and Dr. Grimmer of Irvington, who were injured when their automobile hit a culvert railing on the State Highway, are sufficiently improved to be out again.

Mrs. Knudsen and daughter Esther, of Irvington have just returned from San Diego, where Mrs. Knudsen went as delegate from Aqua Pura Rebekah Lodge to the General Assembly held in the southern city from May 8th to 13th.

Card Of Thanks

We wish to thank the friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us at the death of our father.
Michael Palmer, Jr.
J. J. Palmer.

Do You Know That

Efficient muzzling of dogs will eradicate rabies?

The protection of the health of children is the first duty of the Nation?

Bad temper is sometimes merely a symptom of bad health?

Insanity costs every inhabitant in the United States \$1 per year?

The U. S. Public Health Service has proven that typhus is spread by lice?

Notice

My wife having left my bed and board, I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by her.
Frank Dolan.

Married Men vs. Single Men

The people of Irvington will be treated to a ball game Sunday between married men on one team and single men on the other. Both teams are made up of members of the Irvington Athletic Club, and the gate receipts will go into the club's treasury.

The game will undoubtedly be well patronized as the main object is to raise funds for the purchase of additional paraphernalia for the club rooms.

Niles News

Mrs. Joe Rodrick spent Friday in the city.

Lester Duffy spent Friday in San Francisco.

Fred Nelson was a San Francisco visitor Monday.

Mrs. E. Delaney of Newark spent Tuesday with Mrs. Green.

Mrs. Bliss and daughter Amie, spent Friday in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacobus and Mrs. Barnard have returned from San Diego.

Mrs. George Moore who has been quite sick, is very much improved.

Mrs. H. C. Plummer and family have gone to Pacific Grove for three months.

Ball Game Tomorrow

Local fandom is promised an interesting brand of baseball tomorrow afternoon at Sullivan's Park when the Niles team hooks up with the crack Centerville club. The locals have been particular to strengthen their line-up for this game.

The youngsters say that "money talks," and every dime paid in at the gate will enable them to give the public good games in the future.

The Niles colors will be worn by the following: Henry and Ben Nichols, who will handle third and first; Silva of Oakland, Breslauer, second and McCarty, Roderiguess and Chaix in the outfield; Fields and Cavanaugh, battery.

Mr. D. M. Farr of San Jose, who has a large acquaintance in this section of the country, wishes to see all of his old customers and others who wish "A Square Deal" in his line to call at his warerooms 336 to 350 W. Santa Clara Street when in San Jose. Mr. Farr's advertisement appears in the Register.

Dont forget the Native Daughters dance Saturday evening May 27th. Sykes Orchestra will be there.

Lee Scott is back at his old place at the Essanay studio, caring for the big plant and other property there.

Mr. and Mrs. Charley Carson and Mr. and Mrs. Russel Hamilton of Oakland, spent Sunday with the Nelson's.

THE HELPLESS BUYER

Somebody ought to look after him

Now, there's almost nothing you men buy that you know so little about as clothes. You can tell if they fit, and you can tell if you like the way they look on you. Beyond that, what do you know?

You can't tell all-wool from seventy-five per cent cotton; there are plenty of both, and in many cases at about the same price. You can't judge how good the linings are; you don't know what's inside between the fabric and the lining; you are not a judge of tailoring enough to know whether the suit's going to keep shape or not. Don't be down-hearted; these are things that even experts can be fooled on.

As we see it, our chief duty as clothing men is to look after the helpless buyer—that is, most men who buy clothes. It isn't our principal business to sell; but to be sure that when we do sell, you shall get as much, or even more, value than you pay for. That really does explain why we do sell so much fine clothing.

Spring's

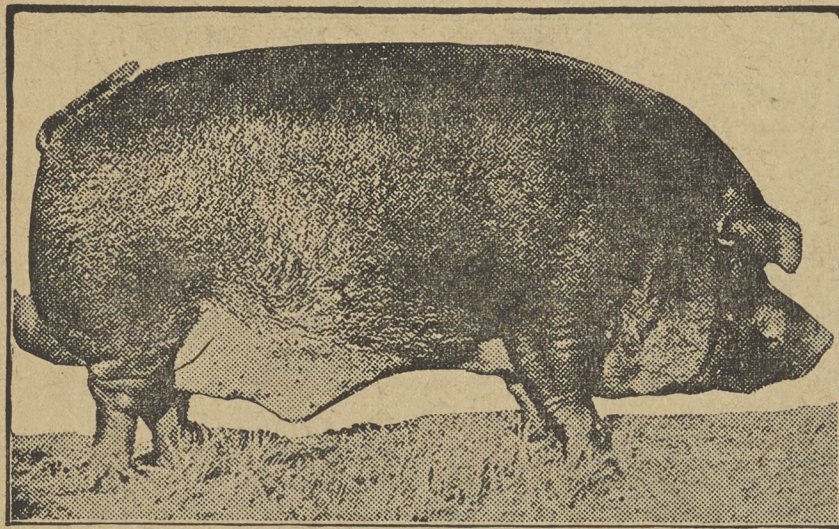
Est. 1865

Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Santa Clara & Market Sts.

San Jose, Cal.

MOST COMMON TYPES AND BREEDS OF HOGS



Champion Duroc-Jersey Boar, "Big Wonder," Owned by O. P. Stevens, Ripley, Iowa.

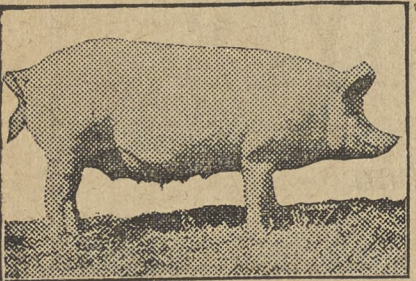
(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The lard or fat type of hog is the most common market type in the United States. In conformation he is a compact, thick-bodied hog on rather short legs. He is of a quiet disposition. The butcher desires a hog that will dress well and yield the largest percentage of high-priced cuts of meat. The breeder or feeder should endeavor to supply these, but he must have constitution and feeding capacity to make his operation profitable. From the breeder's or farmer's point of view, the lard type is the most desirable. Good quality is wanted by both farmer and butcher and is indicated by the fine, silky hair and smooth, mellow skin. The head should be broad and rather short; neck short and joining the shoulder without creases; jaw full but not flabby; and the shoulder smooth, deep, and well covered. The hog should have a broad, long, straight, or slightly-arched back, with a deep, smooth covering of fat. The loin should be broad and strong and level with the back. Hams should be long, deep, thick, and well let down on the hock. The body should be long and deep, the ribs being well sprung and the sides thick and side lines straight. Condition in the fat hog is important from the market standpoint. It is desired to have a thick, even covering of fat over the entire carcass, free from wrinkles or tires. Market demands vary, but a pig of 175 to 300 pounds usually will command ready sale at the best prices.

The bacon type of hog is less common in the United States, but is grown almost exclusively in other countries, especially Denmark. The bacon-type pig is less compact and carries less fat than the fat-type pig. He is characterized by greater length and deeper, narrower ribs, with longer head and lighter ham, shoulder, and jaw. The side is the main point emphasized in the bacon pig, and the shoulder and ham should be light and level with the side. Depth of body with moderate width is sought, and a smooth carcass with firm flesh is desired. The head is longer and the pig stands on longer legs than the lard-type pig. The bacon pig should not be made up of fat, but rather of firm flesh.

In studying, judging, or selecting breeding stock of pure breeding, the first thing to remember is breed type. By breed type is meant the characteristics of the particular breed under study. Each breed of swine has a set standard of desirable points as to size, conformation, form, color, and disposition.

The Poland-China is one of the extreme lard, or fat, type. It originated



Large Yorkshire Sow.

in Ohio, and is the most common breed of hogs in the United States. The Poland-China pig is black or black and white in color; has a short, broad head, with slightly dished face; the ears start strong, but break and drop about one-third of their length. The body is thick, broad, and compact, and deposits of fat are quite thick over the entire carcass. The hams and shoulders are heavy; the back is strong and broad, and its early maturing qualities are remarkably good.

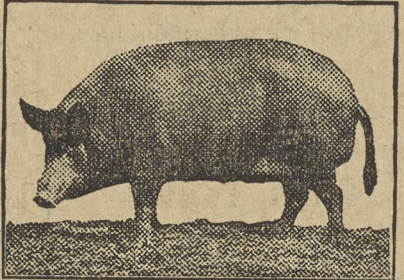
The Duroc-Jersey breed originated in the United States. It is the most prolific of the lard breeds. They are good feeders and mature early. The Duroc type of pig is of the fat, or lard type, and it is red in color. The ears are slightly larger and the face longer in some strains than in others, but the best type has ears of moderate fineness and with a rather short, slightly dished face.

Chester White swine, also a United States breed, are of the lard or fat type. They have pendulous ears and large, long bodies, and reach heavy weights. They are good feeders and breeders. The Chester White is one of the most prolific of the lard breeds.

The Berkshire breed is of a medium to lard type, having length and depth with less width of body. They have erect ears and strongly dished face. This breed is of English origin and is black, with white feet and a little white in face and on tail, making "six white points."

The large Yorkshire, a white bacon breed of English origin, is a prolific breed and one which attains large size. It is not an early maturing breed to any marked extent, but rather inclined to keep on growing. They have deep, long sides with rather narrow backs. The ears incline to be heavy and droop, but should be fine and not lumpy.

The Tamworth is a red hog of English origin. They are of the extreme bacon type: good grazers; long in head, leg and body, but having deep, long sides. The ears are large and



Champion Tamworth Sow—Bacon Type.

erect or leaning forward. Its early maturing qualities are rather inferior, but it is a very prolific breed, and the sows are good mothers.

The Hampshire is sometimes classed between the lard and the bacon type, but most breeders consider it as belonging to the lard type. The individuals of this breed are black, with a white belt about the body, but there are some plain black animals. This breed of bacon hogs is of somewhat obscure but undoubtedly American origin. It is very prolific and of medium size. The sides are of moderate length and depth, with rather light shoulders and hams. The quality of Hampshire pork is superior.

FORMULA FOR GRAFTING WAX

Four Parts Resin, Two Parts Beeswax and One Part Rendered Tallow Is Recommended.

A standard grafting wax consists of four parts resin, two parts beeswax, one part rendered tallow, each by weight. Melt together slowly so as not to boil.

Pour the melted stuff into a pail of cold water, grease your hands and spread the mass out under water so it cools evenly enough to be tough but not brittle. Remove from the water and pull like taffy. If lumpy melt and pull again. It ought to be fine grained and pull without being too sticky in the warm hand.

Make it into balls or bricks and put away in a cool place for use. It keeps a long time and is good for grafting or for dressing injured places on trees. The wax is tougher if more beeswax is used or softer if a larger proportion of tallow is used.

PREPARE GROUND FOR TREES

Blasting or Dynamiting Process Is Presented as Best Method of Loosening Up Surface.

In some localities there is being considerable attention given to the preparation of the ground for tree planting in way of loosening up the soil to a depth that will insure plenty of moisture for the roots so as to carry the tree safely through the first season, even if considerable of drought prevails.

The blasting or dynamiting process is presented as the easiest, cheapest and best method of loosening up the surface for proper planting and for conserving moisture for tree growth.

WHEN PLANTING POTATOES

It will pay to remember that it is best to plant—

Large pieces, at least from two to three ounces in weight. Clean pieces, free from scab and smut.

Fresh pieces, not those cut several weeks before planting time.

Also, to see that all pieces are free from excessive sprouting; that they are not too greatly shrunk; that they are free from frost injury; and by all means

Free from disease, especially dry rot.

Treat seed with formalin or corrosive sublimate before planting, and take every care of the seed at the time of cutting.

The THOUSANDTH WOMAN

BY ERNEST W. HORNING
Author of "The Amateur Cracksmen," "Raffles," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. IRWIN MYERS
COPYRIGHT BY BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

And yet he seemed to make no secret of it; and yet—it did explain his whole conduct since landing, as Toye had said.

She could only shut her eyes to what must have happened, even as Cazalet himself had shut his all this wonderful week, that she had forgotten all day in her ingratitude, but would never, in all her days, forget again!

"There won't be another case," she heard herself saying, while her thoughts ran ahead or lagged behind like sheep. "It'll never come out—I know it won't."

"Why shouldn't it?" he asked so sharply that she had to account for the words, to herself as well as to him.

"Nobody knows except Mr. Toye, and he means to keep it to himself."

"Why should he?"

"I don't know. He'll tell you himself."

"Are you sure you don't know? What can he have to tell me? Why should he screen me, Blanche?"

His eyes and voice were furious with suspicion, but still the voice was lowered.

"He's a jolly good sort, you know," said Blanche, as if the whole affair was the most ordinary one in the world. But heretics could not have driven the sense of her remark more forcibly home to Cazalet.

"Oh, he is, is he?"

"I've always found him so."

"So have I, the little I've seen of him. And I don't blame him for getting on my tracks, mind you; he's a bit of a detective, I was fair game, and he did warn me in a way. That's why I meant to have the week—He stopped and looked away."

"I know. And nothing can undo that," she only said; but her voice swelled with thanksgiving. And Cazalet looked reassured; the hot suspicion died out of his eyes, but left them gloomily perplexed.

"Still, I can't understand it. I don't believe it, either! I'm in his hands. What have I done to be saved by Toye? He's probably scouring London for me—if he isn't watching this window at this minute!"

He went to the curtains as he spoke. Simultaneously Blanche sprang up, to treat him to fly while he could. That had been her first object in coming to him as she had done, and yet, once with him, she had left it to the last! And now it was too late; he was at the window, chuckling significantly to himself; he had opened it, and he was leaning out.

"That you, Toye, down there? Come up and show yourself! I want to see you."

He turned in time to dart in front of the folding doors as Blanche reached them, white and shuddering. The flush of impulsive bravado fled from his face at the sight of hers.

"You can't go in there. What's the matter?" he whispered. "Why should you be afraid of Hilton Toye?"

How could she tell him? Before she had found a word, the landing door opened, and Hilton Toye was in the room, looking at her.

"Keep your voice down," said Cazalet anxiously. "Even if it's all over with me but the shouting, we needn't start the shouting here!"

He chuckled savagely at the jest; and now Toye stood looking at him.

"I've heard all you've done," continued Cazalet. "I don't blame you a bit. If it had been the other way about, I might have given you less run for your money. I've heard what you've found out about my mysterious movements, and you're absolutely right as far as you go. You don't know why I took the train at Naples, and traveled across Europe without a handbag. It wasn't quite the put-up job you may think. But, if it makes you any happier, I may as well tell you that I was at Uplands that night, and I did get out through the foundations!"

The insane impetuosity of the man was his master now. He was a living fire of impulse that had burst into a blaze.

"I always guessed you might be crazy, and I now know it," said Hilton Toye. "Still, I judge you're not so crazy as to deny that while you were in that house you struck down Henry Craven and left him for dead?"

Cazalet stood like red-hot stone.

"Miss Blanche," said Toye, turning to her rather shyly, "I guess I can't do what I said just yet, and perhaps I never will, if you'll come away with me now—back to your home—and never see Henry Craven's murderer again!"

"And who may he be?" cried a voice that brought all three face about.

The folding-doors had opened, and a fourth figure was standing between the two rooms.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Person Unknown.

The intruder was a shaggy elderly man, of so cadaverous an aspect that

his face alone cried for his death-bed; and his gaunt frame took up the cry, as it swayed upon the threshold in dressing-gown and bedroom slippers that Toye instantly recognized as belonging to Cazalet. The man had a shock of almost white hair, and a less gray beard clipped roughly to a point. An unwholesome pallor marked the fallen features; and the envenomed eyes burned low in their sockets, as they dealt with Blanche but fastened on Hilton Toye.

"What do you know about Henry Craven's murderer?" he demanded in a voice between a croak and a crow.

"Have they run in some other poor devil, or were you talking about me? If so, I'll start a libel action, and call Cazalet and that lady as witnesses!"

"This is Scruton," explained Cazalet, "who was only liberated this evening after being detained a week on a charge that ought never to have been brought, as I've told you both all along."

Scruton thanked him with a bitter laugh. "I've brought him here," concluded Cazalet, "because I don't think he's fit enough to be about alone."

"Nice of him, isn't it?" said Scruton bitterly. "I'm so fit that they wanted to keep me somewhere else longer than they'd any right; that may be why they lost no time in getting hold of me again. Nice, considerate, kindly country! Ten years isn't long enough to have you as a dishonored guest. Won't you come back for another week, and see if we can't arrange for a nice little sudden death and burial for you? But they couldn't you see, blast 'em!"

He subsided into the best chair in the room, which Blanche had wheeled up behind him; a moment later he looked round, thanked her curtsy, and lay back with closed eyes until suddenly he opened them on Cazalet.

"And what was that you were saying—that about traveling across Europe and being at Uplands that night? I thought you came round by sea? And what night do you mean?"

"The night it all happened," said Cazalet steadily.

"You mean the night some person unknown knocked Craven on the head?"

"Yes."

The sick man threw himself forward in the chair. "You never told me this!" he cried suspiciously; both the voice and the man seemed stronger.

"There was no point in telling you." "Did you see the person?"

"Yes."

"Then he isn't unknown to you?" "I didn't see him well."

Scruton looked sharply at the two mute listeners. They were very intent, indeed. "Who are these people, Cazalet? No! I know one of 'em," he answered himself in the next breath. "It's Blanche Macnair, isn't it? I thought at first it must be a younger sister grown up like her. You'll forgive prison manners, Miss Macnair, if that's still your name. You look a woman to trust—if there is one—and you gave me your chair. Anyhow, you've been in for a penny and you can stay in for a pound, as far as I care! But who's your American friend, Cazalet?"

"Mr. Hilton Toye, who spotted that I'd been all the way to Uplands and back when I claimed to have been in Rome!"

There was a touch of Scruton's bitterness in Cazalet's voice; and by some subtle process it had a distinctly mollifying effect on the really embittered man.

"What on earth were you doing at Uplands?" he asked, in a kind of confidential bewilderment.

"I went down to see a man."

Toye himself could not have out-measured more deliberate monosyllables.

"Craven?" suggested Scruton.

"No; a man I expected to find at Craven's."

"The writer of the letter you found at Cook's office in Naples the night you landed there, I guess?"

It really was Toye this time, and there was no guesswork in his tone. Obviously he was speaking by his little book, though he had not got it out again.

"How do you know I went to Cook's?"

"I know every step you took between the Kaiser Fritz and Charing Cross and Charing Cross and the Kaiser Fritz!"

Scruton listened to this interchange with keen attention, hanging on each man's lips with his sunken eyes; both took it calmly, but Scruton's surprise was not hidden by a sardonic grin.

"You've evidently had a stern chase with a Yankee clipper!" said he. "If he's right about the letter, Cazalet, I should say so; presumably it wasn't from Craven himself?"

"No."

"Yet it brought you across Europe to Craven's house?"

"Well—to the back of his house! I expected to meet my man on the river."

"Was that how you missed him more or less?"

"I suppose it was."

Scruton ruminated a little, broke into his offensive laugh, and checked it instantly of his own accord. "This is really interesting," he croaked. "You get to London—at what time was it?"

"Nominally three-twenty-five; but the train ran thirteen minutes late," said Hilton Toye.

"And you're on the river by what time?" Scruton asked Cazalet.

"I walked over Hungerford bridge, took the first train to Surbiton, got a boat there, and just dropped down with the stream. I don't suppose the whole thing took me very much more than an hour."

"Aren't you forgetting something?" said Toye.

"Yes, I was. It was I who telephoned to the house and found that Craven was out motoring; so there was no hurry."

"Yet you weren't going to see Henry Craven?" murmured Toye.

Cazalet did not answer. His last words had come in a characteristic burst; now he had his mouth shut tight, and his eyes were fast to Scruton. He might have been in the witness-box already, a doomed wretch cynically supposed to be giving evidence on his own behalf, but actually only baring his neck by inches to the rope, under the joint persuasion of judge and counsel. But he had one friend by him still, one who had edged a little nearer in the pause.

"But you did see the man you went to see?" said Scruton.

Cazalet paused. "I don't know. Eventually somebody brushed past me in the dark. I did think then—but I can't swear to him even now!"

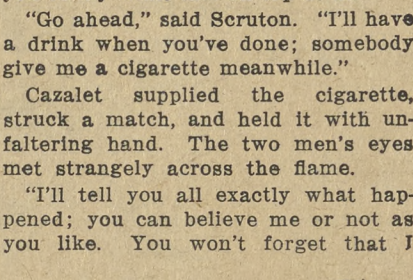
"Tell us about it."

"Do you mean that, Scruton? Do you insist on hearing all that happened? I'm not asking Toye; he can do as he likes. But you, Scruton—you've been through a lot, you know—you ought to have stopped in bed—do you really want this on top of all?"

"Go ahead," said Scruton. "I'll have a drink when you've done; somebody give me a cigarette meanwhile."

Cazalet supplied the cigarette, struck a match, and held it with unflinching hand. The two men's eyes met strangely across the flame.

"I'll tell you all exactly what happened; you can believe me or not as you like. You won't forget that I



"What Do You Know About Henry Craven's Murderer?"

knew every inch of the ground—except one altered bit that explained itself." Cazalet turned to Blanche with a significant look, but she only drew an inch nearer still. "Well, it was in the little creek, where the boat-house is, that I waited for my man. He never came—by the river. I heard the motor, but it wasn't Henry Craven that I wanted to see, but the man who was coming to see him. Eventually I thought I must have made a mistake, or he might have changed his mind and come by road. The dressing-gong had gone; at least I supposed it was that by the time. It was almost quite dark, and I landed and went up the path past the back premises to the front of the house. So far I hadn't seen a soul, or been seen by one, evidently; but the French windows were open in what used to be my father's library, the room was all lit up, and just as I got there a man ran out into the flood of light and—"

"I thought you said he brushed by you in the dark?" interrupted Toye.

"I was in the dark; so was he in another second; and no power on earth would induce me to swear to him. Do you want to hear the rest, Scruton, or are you another unbeliever?"

"I want to hear every word—more than ever!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Poor Speculation.

In theory it is good to go about shedding sunshine and making two smiles grow where one groan grew before, but in practice the pursuit is sometimes unpleasantly painful. Should you, at the dinner table in the boarding-house which you infest, humorously request the waitress to fetch you a few capsules in which to take your butter, or inform the landlady that she does not really keep her boarders longer than any other reduced gentlewoman in that part of town, but instead keeps them so much thinner that they look longer, you may win a few pale smiles from your fellow guests, but the mistress of the mansion will soak you two dollars more per week for your wit.—Kansas City Star.

Apt to Be Costly.

Wife—Oh, Tom, I dreamed last night that you bought me a beautiful automobile.

Hub—Good heavens! You'll ruin me with your extravagant dreams.

EVOLUTION OF SPEED

WRITER HAS TRACED ITS PROGRESS THROUGH CENTURIES.

All of Man's Ingenuity, However, Has Not Caused Him to Devise Means to Travel Faster Than the Little Swallow.

Those twittering swallows have something to twit about. Until an hour ago I thought of them only as friendly decorations in the sky. Now I see them in their true light, as man's rivals in the struggle for speed supremacy.

I was sitting by a sunny bay window, overlooking a stretch of the main street in a sleepy Southern village. In all the landscape nothing had stirred for half an hour but the swallows, a passing motor car, and a schoolboy racing in its wake in the vain hope of "hooking" a ride. Motion, however—even so little of it as this—has a way of monopolizing our attention from everything else. It set me to thinking about speed; wondering, in particular, how motor cars and swallows and self-propelled humans compared in the world's record. I got down a newspaper almanac, a pad of paper, and a pencil, and began to enliven some slow moments by tracing the dizzy evolution of speed.

The standing of the self-propelled human, I soon enough discovered, was pitifully low in the averages. In his lightest apparel and favored with spiked shoes and a well-rolled track of cinders, the best that the best man among us can run a mile in is at a rate that would carry him only 14 miles an hour. Even if human muscle could maintain for an hour the pace of a world's championship 100-yard dash, our record would be only 21 miles and a small fraction.

But see how man's pride and his lust for speed have urged him to expedients. Mounted on the best of race horses he has managed to have himself propelled for a mile at a rate of nearly 40 miles an hour.

By inventing the bicycle he then raised the rate at which he could cover a mile at a speed of 54.13 miles an hour. The motor cycle almost succeeded in doubling this pace. Its rate for the mile is 100.

Meanwhile, man was developing other inventions. In a locomotive he attained a speed, over a short course, of 120 miles an hour. He experimented with flying machines, until in the fastest monoplanes he managed to hurl himself through the air at a rate of six and one-half more miles an hour than he had been able to force out of a railway engine. This rate is enough to make the brain reel, but think next of the terrific speed at which he has driven a motor car—142.8 miles an hour.

Cause for congratulation truly, but not yet enough to allow him to crow; for, even with this, man has not become the speed king of creation. Hawks and vultures, our scientists say, can attain a speed of 150 miles an hour. And not only can they pass up in short-distance swoops and spurts; they also can maintain their greater speed over long courses. On an air route from Antwerp to Compiegne, a swallow—no picked athlete, either, but (supposedly) a common, homely bird, eager to get back to the family chimney—flew 140 miles the other day at an average speed of 128 miles an hour. No world's champion motor car or monoplane has a record that compares favorably with this for such a distance.

Man is swiftly progressing; he can motor a mile now at a speed ten times as fast as he can run it; and he may yet become the speed king of creation. But meanwhile—and this is what galls him—he has to take off his hat to an ordinary little twittering swallow.—Charles Phelps Cushing, in New York Evening Post.

Newest Gun.

The California, Mississippi and Idaho are to be armed with a new type of 14-inch gun, which will show a considerable increase of power over the 45-caliber gun. The new piece is six feet longer in the bore than the 45-caliber 14-inch, and its velocity and energy have been greatly increased, the muzzle energy being something over 70,000-foot tons.

Rear Admiral Strauss, chief of ordnance, states that these new guns are capable of penetrating the heaviest side armor at oblique impact at the greatest effective battle range. It is gratifying to learn that the new type of 16-inch, 45-caliber gun built at the Washington gun factory, has fulfilled the highest expectations, and that the bureau believes it to be as powerful a gun as any in existence today.

Archangel Becomes Thriving City.

Through the war, the sleepy port of Archangel, way up under the Arctic Circle, has become a thriving city of 50,000 inhabitants and is still growing. The number of vessels sailing and arriving last summer rivaled the record of New York and still greater activity is expected next summer. Over 15,000,000 pounds of wheat were shipped in the last season. An electric street railway has been installed.

Times Have Changed.

Abraham Lincoln never said "Hello, central," never held a strap in a trolley car, never dodged an automobile, never pushed a button for light, never heard a phonograph and never posed for a motion picture, and yet Abraham Lincoln died only 51 years ago.

SAN FRANCISCO HOTELS

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75 Rooms	-	-	\$2.00 Week
75 "	-	-	\$2.50 "
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55 FIFTH ST., OPPOSITE U. S. MINT
New Fireproof Hotel 350 Rooms
Every Modern Up to Date Convenience
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RATES EUROPEAN PLAN
Single rooms 75c per day, 1 person without bath
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Single rooms \$1.50 per day, 1 " with bath
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We are now making special rates to permanent guests, weekly and monthly.
You don't need a map to find the Lankershim Hotel. It is in the very center of San Francisco. Take the Universal Bus to the Hotel at our expense.
F. KLEIN, Manager.

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Keep Kids Kleen

The most practical, healthful, playtime garment ever invented for children 1 to 8 years of age. Made in one piece with drop back. Easily slipped on or off. Easily washed. No tight elastic bands to stop circulation. Made in blue denim, and blue and white hickory stripes for all the year round. Also lighter weight, fast-color material in dark blue, cadet blue, tan or dark red for summer wear, all appropriately trimmed with fast-color galates. Made in Dutch neck with elbow sleeves and high neck and long sleeves.

75c the suit
If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send them, charges prepaid on receipt of price, 75c each.
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Beware of cheap imitations. Look for the Two Ho on the Label.
Made by Levi Strauss & Co., San Francisco
Awarded GRAND PRIZE at the P.P.I.E.

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Kerosene Lamp With Mantle
CLEAN, SAFE, ODORLESS.
Shipped charges prepaid on receipt of \$3.00. Includes Table Stand Lamp, Chimney, one extra Mantle, White Opal Shade and Holder.
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Heard at the Palace.
"How long have you been learning to skate?"

"Oh, about a dozen sittings."
Bill—Are you going to study tonight for Prof. Bumper's exam?

Willie—No; I'm going down to the Faculty Club and let him beat me a couple games of pool.—Chaparral.

The New Yorker.
First Southerner—Were you in New York long enough to feel at home?

Second Southerner—Yes, sir; why, I got so I could keep my seat in the cars with a lady standing and not even think about it.—Boston Globe.

Ruinous.
"What ruined your business?"
"Advertising."
"How?"

"I let it all be done by my competitors."—Boston Transcript.

Being Well Prepared

means much towards the preservation of your health. The stomach must be kept strong, the liver must be active and the bowels regular. As soon as there is any deviation from those conditions you should try

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

CAP and BELLS



TREATMENT OF WAR VETERAN

Bed He Was Compelled to Sleep on Was Uncomfortable, but Was Well Supplied With Legs.

An army officer said at a dinner: "The mutilated young heroes of the world war will be very finely treated for a few years; then afterward they will be treated no better, but probably worse, than anybody else."

"Look at our own Civil war veterans. Nothing very wonderful about their treatment, eh?"

"I remember a Civil war veteran with one leg who went to Ocean Grove one summer. His bedroom was clean, but the bed was most uncomfortable, and in the morning he said to his landlady:

"I couldn't sleep last night, ma'am. The room was clean, but the bed was more uncomfortable than the rocky fields I used to sleep in on my campaigns. The bed, in fact, is unsteady, ma'am. It has only three legs."

"Only got three legs, eh?" sneered the landlady. "Well, you old groucher, that's two more'n you've got!"

Left Behind.

"When I wuz a young man, mum, de neighbors where I lived called me a 'human dynamo,'" said the languid looking tramp.

"Well, they wouldn't call you that now," answered the housewife.

"No'm. But I wuz like a dynamo in one respect."

"How was that?"

"The energy I created never got me anywhere."

Progress.

"Why should women want the vote?" asked Mr. Twobble fretfully.

"Don't they run everything now to suit themselves?"

"Only within certain limits," replied Mrs. Twobble. "To the average woman of intelligence bossing a husband is such child's play that unless she expands her zone of activities she is apt to retrograde."

Ancient Anecdotes.

"What sort of fellow is Dubwaite?"

"The kind of man who starts to tell funny story and then forgets how it ends."

"Do you feel like hitting him then?"

"Yes, but I don't miss much. The tory is usually so old that I know now it ends myself."

DIFFERENT THEN.



Hubby—It's strange that I can never find anything about the house that belongs to me without your assistance.

Wife—How did you manage before we were married, dear?

Hubby—Oh! things stayed where I put them then.

But They Don't Pay a Rentette.
"So you were up to see the Newlyweds. What do you think of their flat?"

"Flat? It's merely a flatette, consisting of kitchenette, parlurette, chamretette and bathlette."

Quick Action.

"Was your new play a go?" asked the friend of the would-be author.

"Yes; that was the trouble," replied the other. "I was in hopes it would stay for a week at least."

Then They Might Be Girls.
Nurse—It's twins, sir.
Father—Holy Moses and Jumpin' Jehosephat!
Nurse—Oh, no; we haven't named them yet.

Nothing Lacking.

"Are you careful about possible ptomaines in your ice cream?"

"You bet, we insist on them. We have everything up to date that's going."

Sold Under a Binding Guarantee

Money Back If It Fails

For Man or Beast

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh ALINIMENT

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Stiff Neck, Chills, Lame Back, Old Sores, Open Wounds, and all External Injuries.
Made Since 1846. Ask Anybody About It.
Price 50c and \$1.00

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STOP! CALOMEL IS QUICKSILVER

It's mercury! Attacks the bones, salivates and makes you sick.

There's no reason why a person should take sickening, salivating calomel when 50 cents buys a large bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone—a perfect substitute for calomel.

It is a pleasant, vegetable liquid which will start your liver just as surely as calomel, but it doesn't make you sick and can't salivate.

Children and grown folks can take Dodson's Liver Tone because it is perfectly harmless.

Calomel is a dangerous drug. It is mercury and attacks your bones. Take a dose of nasty calomel today and you will feel weak, sick and nauseated tomorrow. Don't lose a day's work. Take a spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone instead and you will wake up feeling great. No more biliousness, constipation, sluggishness, headache, coated tongue or sour stomach. Your druggist says if you don't find Dodson's Liver Tone acts better than horrible calomel your money is waiting for you.—Adv.

Six of One.

Billy (Sunday morning)—Gee whiz! Me mother gimme a nickel to put on the plate fer th' heathen and I've lost it shooting craps!

Jimmy—Wot of it! If th' heathen had got it they'd have lost it shooting craps, too!—Philadelphia Ledger.

HOW TO HEAL ITCHING, BURNING SKIN DISEASES

A Baltimore doctor suggests this simple, but reliable and inexpensive, home treatment for people suffering with eczema, ringworm, rashes and similar itching, burning skin troubles.

At any reliable druggist's get a jar of Resinol Ointment and a cake of Resinol Soap. These are not at all expensive. With the Resinol Soap and warm water bathe the affected parts thoroughly, until they are free from crusts and the skin is softened. Dry very gently, spread on a thin layer of the Resinol Ointment, and cover with a light bandage—if necessary to protect the clothing. This should be done twice a day. Usually the distressing itching and burning stop with the first treatment, and the skin soon becomes clear and healthy again.—Adv.

Needed.

"What is your boy Josh doing now?"

"He's studyin' the higher mathematics," replied Farmer Cornfossel. "An' I guess we're going to need 'em around the place if the prices of everything keep goin' up."—Washington Star.

Week's Break-Up-a-Cold Tablets

A guaranteed remedy for Colds and La Grippe. Price 25c of your druggist. It's good. Take nothing else.—Adv.

A Literary Center.

"What's the leading industry of Crimmon Gulch?" inquired the stranger.

"Literature," replied Broncho Bill. "If you don't believe it, look at this here bunch o' minin' prospectuses."—Washington Star.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE. Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it 25c. Don't accept any substitute.—Adv.

Just as Good.

To Faithful Reader, who inquires if the Kaiser is as ill as reported:

Dear Sir: Guess again. It is just as reliable as what you read in the papers, and less trouble.—Life.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 40 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.

Parallel.

"We used to have a dog that would howl when somebody played the piano."

"That's nothing. I know women who act the same way."—Judge.

Blanketed.

She—You'd think he'd cut more ice. He's a Son of the Revolution, and—
He—I know; but he married a daughter of the revolution.—Judge.

BE BELIEVED IN RECIPROCITY

Typical Street Gamin Makes Novel Proposition to Optician—Would Dazzle Their Eyes.

He was a typical street gamin with a blacking kit slung over his shoulder, and as he walked boldly into the store of a Pennsylvania street optician his curly head scarcely reached the top of the counter.

"Say," he queried of the elderly gentleman who came forward, "are youse de guy wot runs dis joint?"

"I am the proprietor," was the reply. "What can I do for you, my boy?"

"I've got one uv dem reserprosity propositions t' shy at youse," said the urchin. "Gimme one uv yore chairs, an' I'll open up a shoe-shinery in front uv your winder. See?"

"Not exactly," replied the optician. "I fail to see what benefit I would derive from such an arrangement."

"Well, it's like dis, mister," answered the youthful financier, "yer see, I puts such a dazzin' shine on me customers' kicks dat it hurts dere eyes an' dey'll hafter come in an' buy specks uv youse. Savvy?"—Indianapolis Star.

Strange, but True.

"What is the title of that book you are reading?"

"The Woman Who Found Herself." Would you like to borrow it?"

"No, thanks. I'm a rather sentimental cuss, and I notice that the women who 'find' themselves usually have a profound contempt for us men."

THESE CAMPAIGN FUNDS.



The preacher—It's better to be right than president.

The Gambler—Yes; and it's a whole heap sight cheaper, too.

A Near-Hero.

"You say you saved a young woman from being drowned last year?"

"Yes. Several people lost their lives on that day."

"Did you have a hard battle with the waves?"

"Oh, no. She intended going for a sail in the boat that was capsized, but I persuaded her to spend the afternoon tangoing with me."

Certainly Not.

"These gilded youths don't seem to have much on their minds."

"I guess that's lucky for them."

"Why so?"

"If our streets were paved with pie crust they wouldn't stand much traffic would they?"

Unappreciated.

"Do you subscribe to the theory that virtue is its own reward?"

"I'm compelled to," answered the diligent reformer.

"Why so?"

"My neighbors don't even thank me for my conscientious efforts to show them the error of their ways."

Noncommittal.

"Who is this Miss Chiselidine Flubdub who sends in an account of some affair? I never heard of her in society?"

"Well, say she's a decided favorite in the circle in which she moves."

Obliged to Leave Early.

"Daughter, your new beau doesn't remain very late. The last one used to hang around until the milkman called."

"Well, you see, dad, this one is a milkman."

As She Expressed It.

Aunt—You'll be late for the party, won't you, dear?

Niece—Oh, no, auntie. In our set nobody goes to a party until everybody else gets there.

An Editorial Theme.

"Whither are we drifting?" murmured the editor of the Plunkville Palladium. "Guess it's time for another editorial on that."

"Aw, that editorial is out of date. The question now is where are we at?"

A Little More German.

Professor—You're not enough of a militarist, Mr. Smythe.

Student Smythe—Why so, sir?

Professor—Every time I call on you you're not prepared.—Michigan Gaygoyle.

A Drawback.

"There is one class of votes the politicians will not be able to control when women get the ballot."

"What is that?"

"The vest pocket vote."

The Sort.

"You looked very sympathetic when Mrs. Jagers was talking to you. Was she telling you a moving story?"

"I should say so. She's been in six houses in as many months."

A Famous Physician's Wonderful Discovery

After a series of careful experiments and tests at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., covering many years—Dr. Pierce, the medical director of that hospital made announcement that he could prove that a medicine which he called "ANURIC" was the best uric acid solvent now to be had. As a remedy for those easily recognized symptoms of inflammation—as scalding urine, backache and frequent urination, as well as sediment in the urine, or if uric acid in the blood has caused rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, gout, it is simply wonderful how quickly "Anuric" acts; causing the pains and stiffness rapidly to disappear.

Swollen hands, ankles, feet are due to a dropsical condition, often caused by disordered kidneys. Naturally when the kidneys are deranged the blood is filled with poisonous waste matter, which settles in the feet, ankles and wrists; or under the eyes in bag-like formations.

It is just as necessary to keep the bowels acting properly as to keep the kidneys active.

The very best possible way to take care of yourself is to take a glass of hot water before meals and an "Anuric" tablet. In this way it is readily dissolved with the food, picked up by the blood and finally reaches the kidneys, where it has a tonic effect in rebuilding those organs.

Step into the drug store and ask for a 50-cent package of "Anuric" or send Dr. Pierce 10c. for trial pkg. "Anuric"—many times more potent than lithia, eliminates uric acid as hot water melts sugar. A short trial will convince you.

Everything But

"If a man has the price he can get anything he wants and the way he wants it."

"Don't know about that. There's the medium soft-boiled egg.—Browning's Magazine.

Sore Eyes

Granulated Eyelids. Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At Your Druggist's 50c per Bottle. Murine Eye Salvein Tubes 25c. For Book of the Eye Free Ask Druggist or Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

He Was Willing.

"Now, old fellow, I want to tell you my side of the whole case."

"But I thought you had already told me."

"By jove! So I did. Well, it won't do any harm to go all over it again."—Judge.

Remarkable.

"There are always two sides to an argument," remarked the parlor philosopher.

"Which is all the more remarkable when you consider that there is only one end," said the mere man.—Judge.

Health for Sick Women

For Forty Years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has Been Woman's Most Reliable Medicine—Here is More Proof.

To women who are suffering from some form of woman's special ills, and have a constant fear of breaking down, the three following letters ought to bring hope:—

North Crandon, Wis.—"When I was 16 years old I got married and at 18 years I gave birth to twins and it left me with very poor health. I could not walk across the floor without having to sit down to rest and it was hard for me to keep about and do my work. I went to a doctor and he told me I had a displacement and ulcers, and would have to have an operation. This frightened me so much that I did not know what to do. Having heard of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I thought I would give it a trial and it made me as well as ever. I cannot say enough in favor of the Pinkham remedies."—Mrs. MAYME ASBACH, North Crandon, Wis.

Testimony from Oklahoma.

Lawton, Okla.—"When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I seemed to be good for nothing. I tired easily and had headaches much of the time and was irregular. I took it again before my little child was born and it did me a wonderful amount of good at that time. I never fail to recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to ailing women because it has done so much for me."—Mrs. A. L. McCASLAND, 509 Have St., Lawton, Okla.

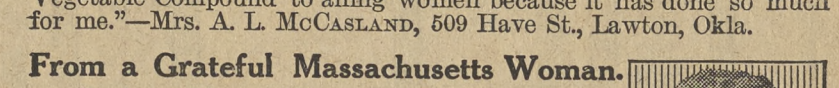
From a Grateful Massachusetts Woman.

Roxbury, Mass.—"I was suffering from inflammation and was examined by a physician who found that my trouble was caused by a displacement. My symptoms were bearing down pains, backache, and sluggish liver. I tried several kinds of medicine; then I was asked to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has cured me and I am pleased to be in my usual good health by using it and highly recommend it."—Mrs. B. M. OSGOOD, 1 Haynes Park, Roxbury, Mass.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

WHAT WE SAW AT MADAME WORLD'S FAIR

BY ELIZABETH GORDON
AUTHOR OF "BIG CHILDREN FLOWER CHILDREN ETC."



There is one class of votes the politicians will not be able to control when women get the ballot.

"What is that?"

"The vest pocket vote."

"You looked very sympathetic when Mrs. Jagers was talking to you. Was she telling you a moving story?"

"I should say so. She's been in six houses in as many months."

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PICTURES BY BERTHA CORBETT and FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

FOR ALL CHILDREN EVERYWHERE

and GROWN-UPS TOO

The Popular New Gift Book, Telling All About the Exposition

Handsomely Illustrated



The Right Pancake Mixture And It's Rightly Named

Pancakes made from Sperry Encore Pancake Flour have that "come again" quality—that lingering, toothsome, delightful appeal that makes you long for breakfast-time when you go to bed.

Sperry Encore Pancake Flour contains everything necessary to make good pancakes—eggs, milk, sugar, salt and baking powder. Just add cold water and cook. It is the easiest to mix and the best to eat.

You can make many good things to eat besides pancakes with Sperry Encore Pancake Flour.

Buy a package from your Grocer today and try this

Sperry Encore Muffin Recipe

2 cups Sperry Encore Pancake Flour and just enough water to make a medium thick batter. Put in well-buttered muffin pans and bake in a quick oven. (10)

Sperry Flour Company

There is a Sperry Mill within 150 miles of every home in California

Bowser Is Tender

He Comes Home and Finds
Mrs. Bowser With a
Headache.

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

When Mrs. Bowser arose the other morning she found herself heavy-headed, and black specks floated before her eyes. It was a bilious attack, and she knew that she was in for a long day's headache. She said nothing to Mr. Bowser, knowing how he regarded such things, but went down to breakfast with false cheerfulness. The sight of food nauseated her, and he, being busy thinking of a deal he had on hand and being in a hurry to get away from the house, noticed nothing unusual.

Ten minutes after Mr. Bowser had departed Mrs. Bowser was in bed again with throbbing temples. The cook came up to say:

"It is what you call appendicitis, ma'am. I had a brother who was seized with the mortal ailment, and he looked just like you do."

"It is nothing but a headache, Maggie," was the reply.

"Are you sure it is not typhoid fever?"

I had a sister who came down with typhoid fever, and her eyes had the same glare yours have got."

"I told you it was only a bilious headache, and after you have laid a



"POOR GIRL! POOR GIRL!"

wet towel on my forehead I wish you would go down and leave me alone. It almost cracks my head open to talk."

"I will do as you say, ma'am, and I hope it won't be a case of consumption. I had a cousin who was taken down with consumption, and we who stood watching over his bedside saw his ears twitch. I don't think yours are twitching any, however, and you

may recover from it. There you are with the wet towel, and here I go, and I will come up every half hour to see if you are dead or living. If I find you dead I will run for the coroner and the police and the fire department. I have studied to be a trained nurse, and I know just what to do."

Mrs. Bowser dozed at intervals all day, and she had a bad day of it. One of the things that she worried about, sleeping or waking, was the return of Mr. Bowser at dinner time. She knew just how he would act and just what he would say. He would declare that it was all her fault; that she had gone around barefooted and caught cold; that she had eaten a whole coconut and thus upset her stomach; that she had done a dozen things no sensible woman would do. Having brought the headache on herself she must get over it by herself. He could have no sympathy for such a careless woman. Then he would go downstairs to eat his dinner alone and grow more vexed every minute, and when he was through with the meal he would go down to the furnace and slam and bang the door and toss the poker across the cellar to make all the noise he could. Mr. Bowser wouldn't do these things to be mean, but just as a moral lesson to teach her to be more careful of her health.

Mr. Bowser came home.

Mrs. Bowser heard him open the door and shivered.

The cook heard him come in and saw that the way was clear across the back yard to the alley in case she had to make a skip for it.

Not seeing Mrs. Bowser in the hall or the sitting room Mr. Bowser descended to the kitchen and asked:

"Has Mrs. Bowser gone shopping?"

"No, sir," replied the cook. "Mrs. Bowser is lying on her dying bed upstairs and has been ever since you left the house this morning. If I knew how to work that telephone I should have had at least four doctors here hours ago."

Having said this, she prepared herself for the impending outburst, but none came. Mr. Bowser turned pale and walked softly up two pairs of stairs and still more softly opened the bedroom door. Mrs. Bowser lay with closed eyes, and he tiptoed to the bed and kissed her and smoothed down her hair and whispered:

"Poor girl! Poor girl! I am so sorry for you. I'll go down at once and telephone for the doctor and tell him to let nothing interfere with coming at once."

"I wouldn't do it, my dear," replied Mrs. Bowser as she opened her eyes. "I have had one of those beastly bilious headaches all day, but I am getting the better of it now."

"Thank heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he raised his hands. "Maggie told me that you were as good as dead, and it took all my courage to come up here. Ah, yes, you are better, and probably by tomorrow you can be

out of bed again. I am not a trained nurse, of course, but as any doctor will tell you, the first thing is for you to get some food in your stomach. Mrs. Bowser, how would you like some fried pork sausages?"

The invalid managed to restrain the smile which was coming to her face and the shudder which was going to shake the bed and feebly shook her head in reply.

"My grandmother always wanted fried pork sausages when she had a headache, but of course things have changed since her day. I wish Maggie had known enough to have a corned beef dinner. With a choice among the meat, cabbage, carrots, beets and grains you could probably have found something to tickle your palate."

"We will have such a dinner some day next week," replied Mrs. Bowser. "I do not want anything to eat tonight."

"But a doctor would insist," persisted Mr. Bowser. "I will run downstairs and counsel with Maggie."

Maggie was of the opinion when gravely consulted that a coconut pie would be much better than anything in the meat line, and Mr. Bowser was

not more than a minute in getting under his hat and inside his overcoat and starting on a run for the bakery. He was back in less than ten minutes with a bland and good natured look and coconut pie, and with his own hands he cut it in halves and hastened upstairs. Mrs. Bowser thanked him very sweetly, but declined to eat. She said that in about three days she would eat three coconut pies all at once if he asked her to.

"But there must be something," he went on as he scratched his head in a puzzled way. "How about chicken soup? I can get the chicken at the butcher's in five minutes."

"Let it go this evening, dear."

"But mutton broth?"

"You are very kind, Mr. Bowser, but we won't talk of anything more in the food line. You may wet and wring out the towel, if you will, and then I will try to sleep again."

Mr. Bowser hastened to do as she wanted and then patted her cheek in a loving way and walked softly out of the room. He went down into the kitchen and told Maggie that he had pulled Mrs. Bowser through the crisis and was quite sure she would live. He warned her against rattling the dishes or the stove lids and then went up to the sitting room and took a seat and folded his arms and waited. He felt a glad relief and did not kick at the cat when she came around to rub against his leg. He thought of telephoning to the doctor. But what could the doctor do more than he had done if he should respond? He thought of the way he had conducted himself on previous occasions, and he felt ashamed of himself.

Mr. Bowser heard autos and wagons going past the house with a rattling and a banging, and he wanted to rush out and throw frozen potatoes at the heads of the drivers.

A cat walked out in the back yard, and he softly raised a window and made use of such words as promptly sent her jumping over a seven foot fence.

There was a boy yelled out in front of the house, and he wished that that boy had no less than six bolts on his legs.

There came a long interval of silence, and Mr. Bowser was dozing off to sleep when there came a sharp ring at the door. He started up with muttered imprecations on the head of whoever it might be and tiptoed down the hall and opened the door. There stood a man who whinnily asked:

"Boss, can you give a poor fellow 10 cents for a night's lodging?"

"I will give you ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred!" shouted Mr. Bowser as loud as he dared, and he surprised that poor unfortunate by throwing him off the steps headfirst into a snowdrift and then picking him out again and throwing him over the fence. Neither of them enjoyed the performance very much—the tramp because he was the victim and Mr. Bowser because he had to be quiet about it.

The tender hearted guardian and protector of Mrs. Bowser returned to the house and his watch, and nothing further occurred to create a disturbance. Even the cricket on the hearth buttoned up his lips, as they used to term it.

Bowser nodded. Bowser slept. In his dreams he saw Mrs. Bowser dancing around the room and declaring that she had never felt so good in ten years.

The bells struck midnight. Bowser awoke. Mrs. Bowser stood before him and was saying:

"My headache is all gone, Mr. Bowser, and I want to thank you for your kindness."

"Y-e-s," he replied, with blinking eyes. "You had one of your durned old headaches and made me no end of trouble. You brought it on yourself by some careless act, and if you ever do it again it will mean but one thing—divorce!"

Bowser had recovered from his tenderheartedness. He was Bowser again.

Getting Even.

"When I left home twenty years ago nobody thought I would ever amount to anything," said the prosperous manufacturer.

"You fooled 'em, eh?"

"I should say so! Just for spite I leased every available billboard and plastered my name all over my native village."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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